

Glad Songs

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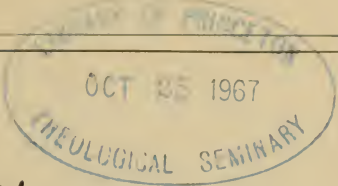
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Glad Songs

A COLLECTION OF
SONGS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED
FOR USE IN THE

*Primary and Junior Departments of the
Sunday School, Junior Congregations
and Meetings of Similar Character*

Compiled by
GENERAL MUSIC COMMITTEE
Church of the Brethren

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILL.
1922

INTRODUCTORY

This little book is the answer to many calls for a collection of songs such as it contains. A large number of the selections were suggested by teachers of primaries and juniors. Some of these workers have had large and successful experience with girls and boys, which makes their suggestions valuable. Pieces of merit, only, and such as seemed most appropriate, among all the good at our disposal, were chosen.

Our sincere hope is that those who sing these songs will find much joy and spiritual uplift. With a cordial expression of appreciation for the help received by way of suggestion and contribution the little volume is sent forth on its mission of blessing.

THE COMMITTEE.

Be Still, Be Still!

Gen. 28: 17; Ex. 3: 5.

J. B. Herbert.

*Andante. pp**dim.*

Be still! be still! for all a-round On ei-ther hand is

ho - - - ly ground;.... Here in His house, the Lord to - day Will
ho - ly ground, is ho - ly ground;

lis - ten while His peo - ple pray; Here in His house, the Lord to - day Will

lis - ten while His peo - ple pray: Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name;
Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever and ever. A - MEN.

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the
earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore..... Him. A - MEN.

p *pp*

A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.
 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.
 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.
 Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace and pursue it.
 Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.
 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.
 God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.
 Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
 I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee.
 Judge not, that ye be not judged.
 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.
 Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.
 My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways.
 No man can serve two masters.
 One Lord, one faith, one baptism.
 Pray without ceasing.
 Quench not the Spirit.
 Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth.
 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.
 The sower soweth the word.
 Unto thee, O Lord, do we give thanks.
 Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth hath eternal life.
 Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.
 Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.
 Zealous of good works

Jesus, Thy Name is Sweet

Eliza M. Sherman.

P. H. Fellows.

1. Je - sus, Thy name is sweet to me, Thy love is new each day;
 2. I wake at morn and Thou art near; I sleep, Thou watch - est still;
 3. So shall my days glide calm - ly by, My nights be un - a - fraid,
 4. Je - sus, Thy name is sweet to me, And dear - er seems to grow;

It brings me clos - er, Lord, to Thee, It soothes my fears a - way.
 No sor - row can I know or fear, If I o - bey Thy will.
 Since I am Thine, my gra - cious Lord, In sun - light or in shade.
 As clos - er, Lord, I cling to Thee, More of Thy love I know.

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A Prayer

P. H.

J. H. F.

Unison.

1. Our Fa - ther, while be - fore Thee In prayer we hum - bly bow,
 2. We thank Thee, O our Fa - ther, For rai - ment and for food,
 3. In Je - sus' name, O Fa - ther, Wilt Thou our sins for - give,

Wilt Thou look down from heav - en, And bless Thy chil - dren now.
 For homes so bright and joy - ous, For friends and teach - ers good.
 And help us that to please Thee We ev - er - more may live. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1891 and 1898, by Fillmore Bros.

O Loving Savior

C. B. A.

German.

1. O lov - ing Sav - ior, Car - ing so ten - der - ly,
 2. O lov - ing Sav - ior, Keep us from ev - 'ry harm;

Watch - ing so lov - ing - ly O'er us to - day;
 Lean - ing up - on Thine arm, We'll nev - er fear.

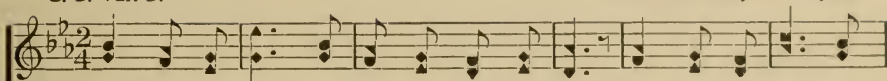
Help us to do Thy will, Thy law of love ful - fill;
 May we be al - ways kind; Grant us a ho - ly mind;

With Thee we fear no ill— Guide us, we pray.
 In Thee all strength we'll find— Sav - ior so dear!

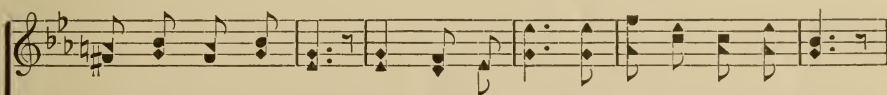
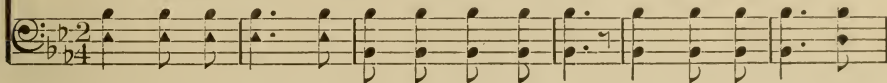
Lullaby, Sleep, Child, Sleep

C. B. Van D.

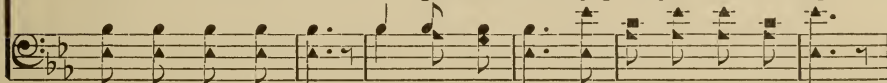
Catharine Beery Van Dyke.



1. Come, lit - tle child, and rest your wea - ry limbs; The day was long, let's
2. Je - sus is near, and you are dear to Him; He watch - es o'er you
3. Eve - ning has come, and with it comes re - pose; Love whis - pers soft - ly:



close it with our hymns. Clo - ser and clo - ser to our Sav - ior's breast,
 'midst the shad - ows dim; Nor will He cease to love you when you wake,
 "All our Fa - ther knows;" An - gels will safe - ly guard you all the night:

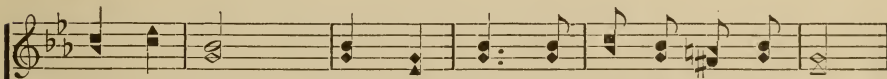
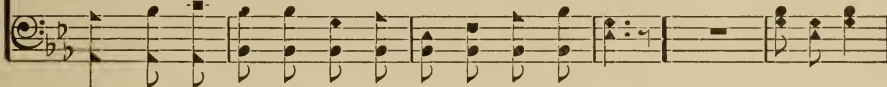


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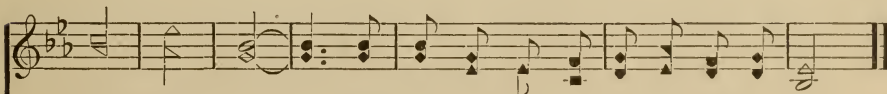


Come now and slum - ber like a bird with - in its nest. Lul - la - by,
 For He will guard you ev - 'ry step that you shall take.
 Sleep, then, Sweetheart, for you are ev - er in their sight.

Lul-la - by,

*(hum softly.)*

Sleep, child, sleep, your head up - on my breast;



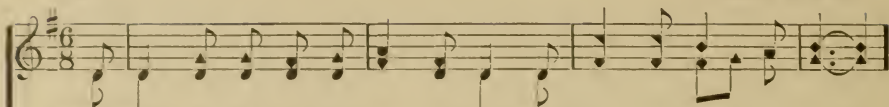
Dream sweet dreams While moth - er watch - es o'er your peace - ful rest.



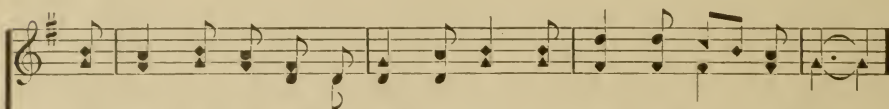
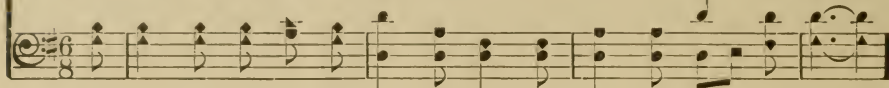
Welcome Song For Visitors

T. M. T.

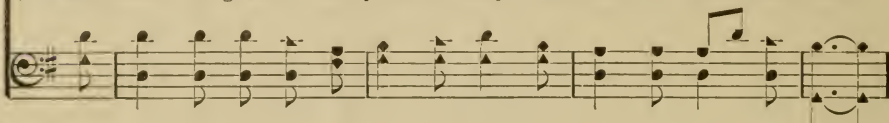
T. Martin Towne.



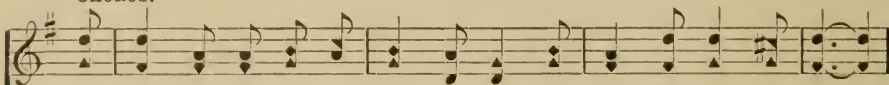
1. Kind friends, we wel-come you to our School, We're glad to have you come;
 2. We wel-come fa-thers and moth-ers dear, And all the ba-bies too;
 3. We wel-come neighbors and stran-gers here, To join our bus-y band;



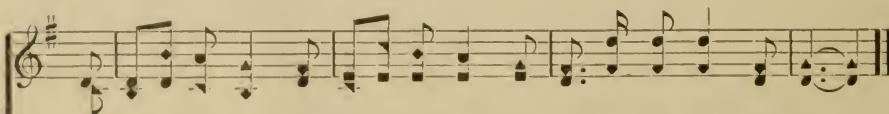
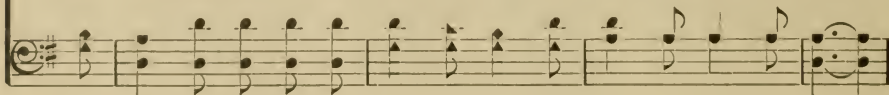
It makes us hap-py to see you here In this our Sab-bath home.
 We hope you'll bring us your pleas-ant smiles, We'll bring the same to you.
 We'll learn to-geth-er the pleas-ant way That leads to heav'n's fair land.



CHORUS.



We wel-come you to our School to-day, Our own dear Sab-bath School,



Our hap-py band with heart and hand Now wel-come you here to-day.



Little Drops of Water

Rev. Eben C. Brewer.

English.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,
 2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Hum - ble tho' they be,
 3. So our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way
 4. Lit - tle seeds of mer - cy, Sown by youth - ful hands,
 5. Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love,

Make the might - y o - cean, And the pleas - ant land.
 Make the might - y a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.
 From the path of vir - tue Oft in sin to stray.
 Grow to bless the na - tions Far in hea - then lands.
 Make our earth an e - den Like the heav'n a - bove.

The Cradle Song

Rita Cook.

John P. Hamilton.

In our pret - ty cra - dle here Place the ba - by's name so dear; Je - sus, ev - er

CHORUS.

bless and keep, With Thy love so true and deep. Rock - a - by, lul - la - by, Sweet

lit - tle ba - by so dear; Rock - a - by, lul - la - by, Je - sus, our Savior, is near.

Jesus Loves Me

(The favorite hymn of China)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle ones to
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will wash a -
 3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His shin - ing
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I love Him

CHORUS.

Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
 way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus loves me,
 throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 when I die, He will take me home on high.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

Welcome, Welcome, All Who Come

Tune: "JESUS LOVES ME"

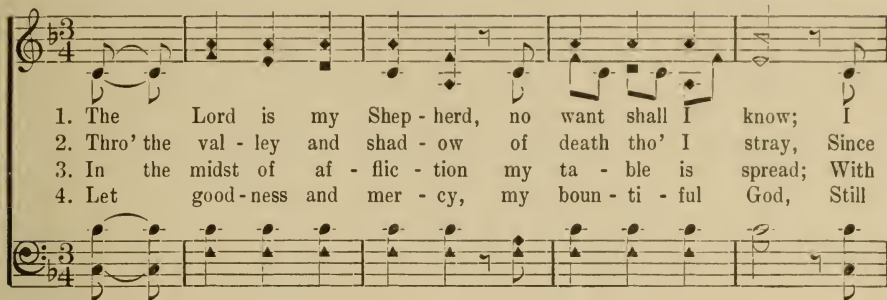
- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Welcome, welcome, all who come
To our pleasant Sabbath home,
Welcome in our Savior's name,
Jesus evermore the same. | 2 Welcome, welcome, teacher dear,
As we come to meet you here;
May we learn of Christ to-day,
He will bless us on our way. |
| REF.—Yes, welcome, welcome,
Yes, welcome, welcome,
Here, all are welcome,
In Jesus' blessed name. | 3 Welcome, welcome, scholars new,
Here's a pleasant place for you;
Come and learn of Jesus' love,
Take the path that leads above. |

Julia H. Johnston.

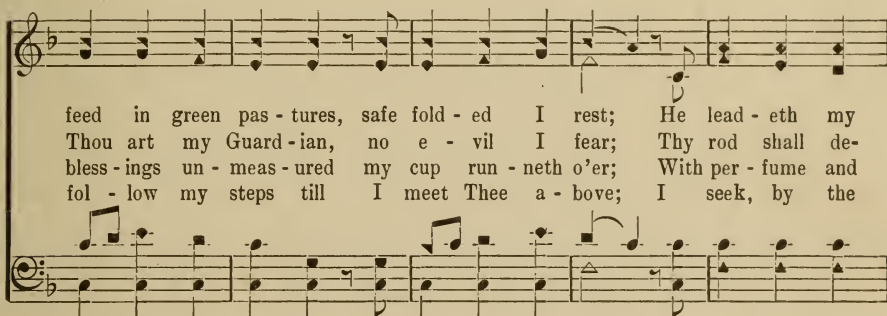
The Lord is My Shepherd

James Montgomery.

Thos. Koschat.



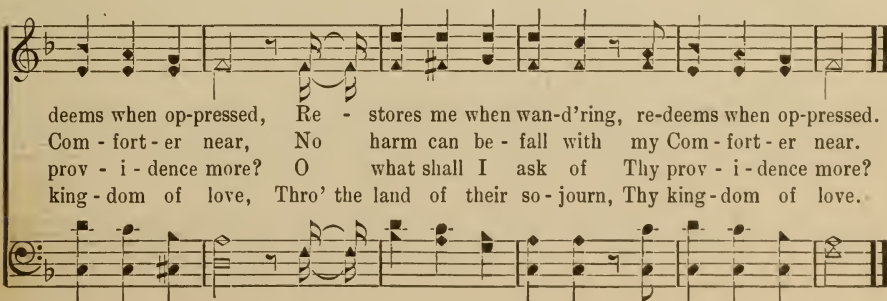
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since
 3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still



feed in green pas-tures, safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my
 Thou art my Guard-ian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
 bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and
 fol-low my steps till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek, by the



soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, re-
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall with my
 oil Thou a-noint-est my head, O what shall I ask of Thy
 path which my fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy



deems when op-pressed, Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
 Com-fort-er near, No harm can be-fall with my Com-fort-er near.
 prov-i-dence more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
 king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love.

Little Children, Praise the Lord

C. E. P.

Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. Lit - tle chil - dren, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 2. Praise Him for His bless - ed Word, Bless - ed Word, bless - ed Word,
 3. Praise Him for the Sab - bath day, Sab - bath day, Sab - bath day,
 4. Praise Him for the Sun - day - school, Sun - day - school, Sun - day - school,
 5. Praise Him for your teach - ers dear, Teach - ers dear, teach - ers dear,

Lit - tle chil - dren, praise the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.
 Praise Him for His bless - ed Word, Praise ye the Lord.
 Praise Him for the Sab - bath day, Praise ye the Lord.
 Praise Him for the Sun - day - school, Praise ye the Lord.
 Praise Him for your teach - ers dear, Praise ye the Lord.

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Our Heavenly Father

I. B. B.

(CHILD'S HYMN)

Ida Blough.

1. We have a Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Who lives a - bove;
 2. Our Fa - ther's home in heav - en Is bright and fair,
 3. Our Fa - ther gives us all things; He gives us light
 4. Our Heav'n - ly Fa - ther gives us His lov - ing care;

There is no oth - er great - er; And God is Love.
 And Je - sus and the Spir - it And an - gels are there.
 And life and air and wa - ter, And day and night.
 At home or on the o - cean He hears our prayer.

CHORUS.

Our lov - ing Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, The great God, Je - ho - vah!

He loves His pre - cious chil - dren, For He is Love.

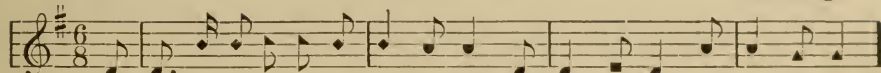
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Our Heavenly Father Loves Everyone

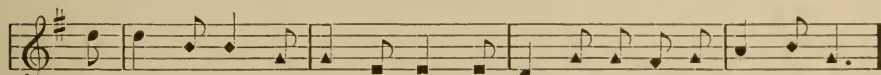
(MISSIONARY SONG)

I. B. B.

Ida Blough.

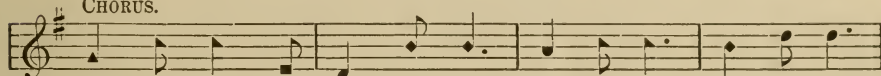


1. Our Heav-en-ly Fa-ther loves ev-'ry-one, The rich, the poor, the old, the young;
 2. Our Heav-en-ly Fa-ther loves ev-'ry-thing, The fish that swim, the birds that sing;

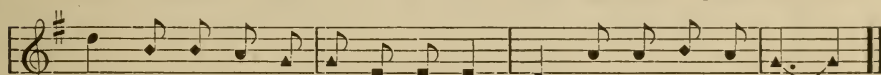


They all are pre-cious in His sight, The red, the yel-low, the black, the white.
 The an-i-mals, both large and small, The trees, the flow-ers; God loves them all.

CHORUS.



Oh! that men would praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord!



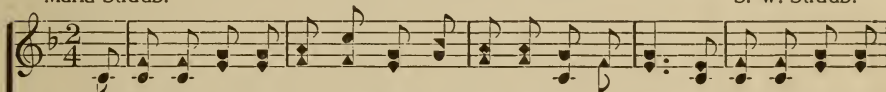
For His good-ness and won-der-ful works To the chil-dren of men.

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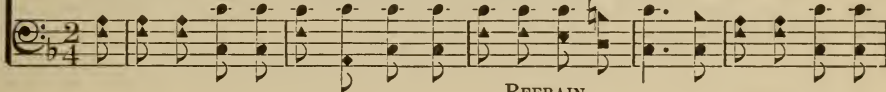
God Sees the Little Sparrow Fall

Marla Straub.

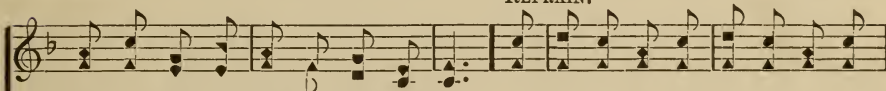
S. W. Straub.



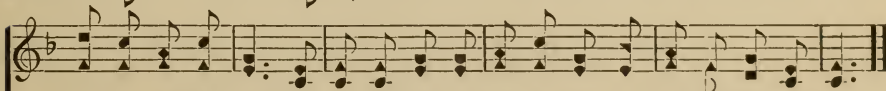
1. God sees the lit-tle spar-row fall, It meets His ten-der view; If God so loves the
 2. He paints the lil-y of the field, Perfumes each lil-y-bell; If He so loves the
 3. God made the lit-tle birds and flow'rs, And all things large and small; He'll not for-get His



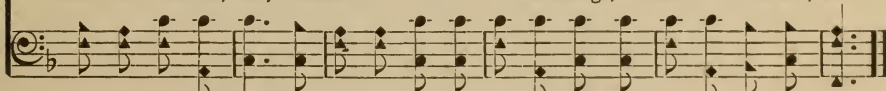
REFRAIN.



lit-tle birds, I know He loves me, too.
 lit-tle flow'rs, I know He loves me well. He loves me, too, He loves me, too, I
 lit-tle ones, I know He loves them all.



know He loves me, too; Be-cause He loves the lit-tle things, I know He loves me, too.



Jesus, the Shepherd True

C. B. A.

Carrie B. Adams.

1. Je - sus, the Shep - herd of all the sheep,
 2. Je - sus, the Shep - herd so kind and true,
 3. Oh! how we love this Good Shep - herd dear!

Seeks for the lambs that stray;.... O - ver His chil - dren a
 Watch - es wher - e'er we roam;.... Finds us, and loves us, what -
 Ev - er to Him we'll pray;.... Grant that His pres - ence be

watch He'll keep, Ten - der - ly guid - ing each day.....
 e'er we do, Brings us so lov - ing - ly home....
 ev - er near, Shed - ding a light on our way.....

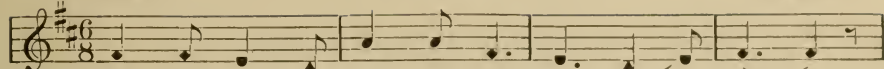
CHORUS.

Je - sus will love us ev - 'ry day, Je - sus will guide us, lest we stray;

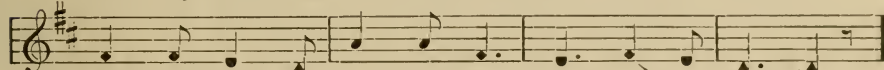
Je - sus will keep all harm a - way, Je - sus, the Shep - herd true.

Anna Miller.

Adapted.

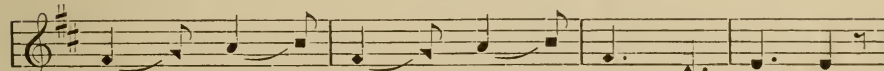


1. Ba - by's ver - y sleep - y now, Bye - lo - - bye;....
 2. Lit - tle eye - lids down - ward creep, Bye - lo - - bye;....
 3. Ba - by bird - ies in a nest, Coo - oo - - oo;.....

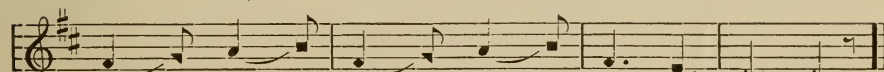


- Moth - er's kiss is on its brow, Bye - lo - - bye.....
 Ba - by now is fast a - sleep, Bye - lo - - bye.....
 Nes - tled un - der moth - er's breast, Coo - oo - - oo.....

CHORUS.



- Bye - - lo,..... bye - - lo,..... bye - lo - bye,....
 Bye - - lo,..... bye - - lo,..... bye - lo - bye,....
 Coo - - oo,..... coo - - oo,..... coo - oo - oo,.....



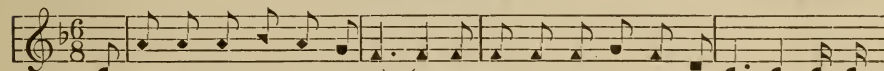
- Bye - - lo,..... bye - - lo,..... bye - lo - bye....
 Bye - - lo, bye - - lo,..... bye - lo - bye.....
 Coo - - oo,..... coo - - oo,..... coo - oo - oo.....

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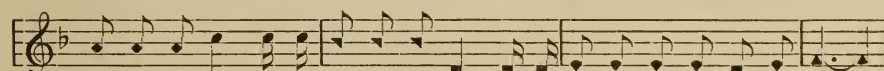
I. B. B.

(A CRADLE ROLL SONG)

Ida Blough.

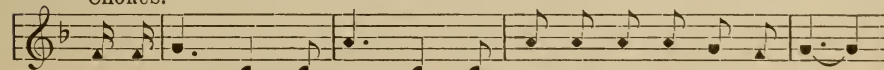


1. God gave us this beau-ti - ful world, The birds and the sun-shine and flow'rs; But the
 2. God gave to these ba-bies we love The sweetness of flow-ers so fair, And the
 3. God helped these two robins to build Their nest in the ma - ple-tree tall; And the

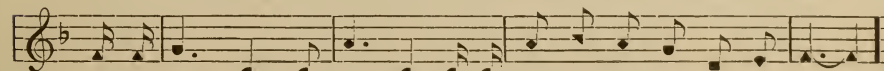


best gifts of all—Tho' so helpless and small—Are these dear lit-tle ba - bies of ours.
 blue of the skies For their beau-ti-ful eyes, And the bright golden sunshine for hair.
 moth-er takes care Of the four ba-bies there, And the fa-ther brings food for them all.

CHORUS.



And we love them,—We love them! These dear lit - tle ba - bies of ours;

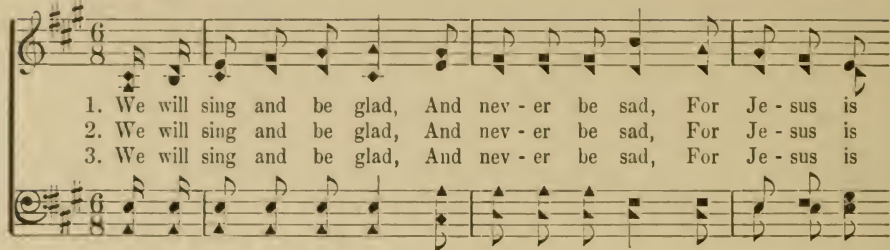


And we thank Thee, dear Fa - ther, For the ba - bies, the birds, and the flow'rs.

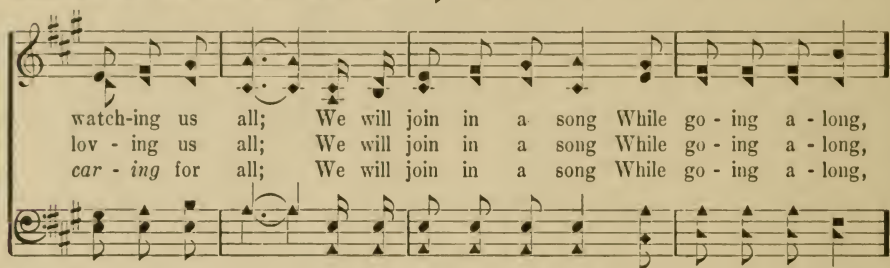
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Belle Kelloge Towne.

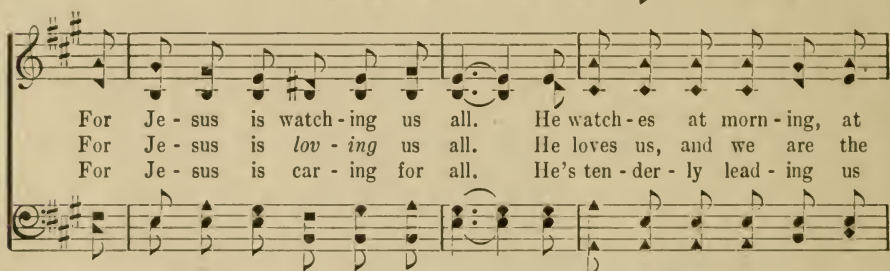
T. Martin Towne.



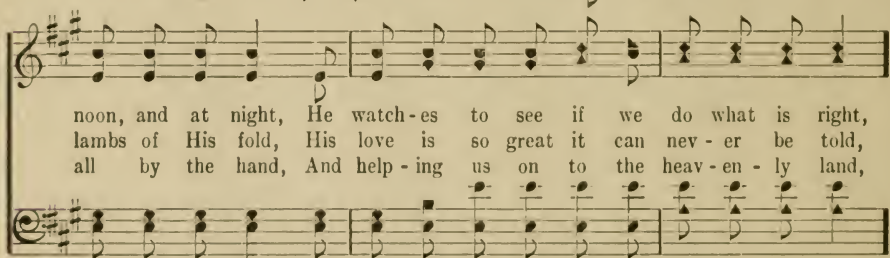
1. We will sing and be glad, And nev - er be sad, For Je - sus is
 2. We will sing and be glad, And nev - er be sad, For Je - sus is
 3. We will sing and be glad, And nev - er be sad, For Je - sus is



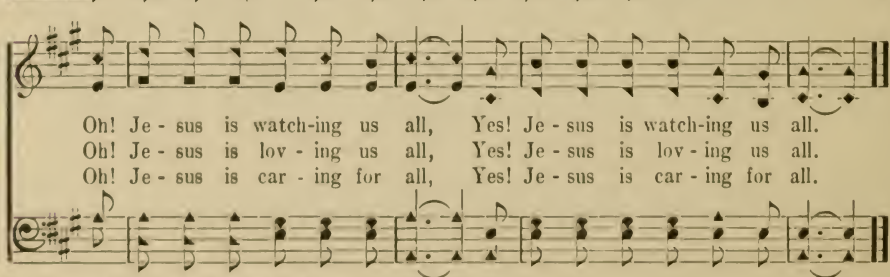
watch-ing us all; We will join in a song While go - ing a - long,
 lov - ing us all; We will join in a song While go - ing a - long,
 car - ing for all; We will join in a song While go - ing a - long,



For Je - sus is watch-ing us all. He watch-es at morn-ing, at
 For Je - sus is lov - ing us all. He loves us, and we are the
 For Je - sus is car - ing for all. He's ten - der - ly lead - ing us



noon, and at night, He watch-es to see if we do what is right,
 lambs of His fold, His love is so great it can nev - er be told,
 all by the hand, And help - ing us on to the heav - en - ly land,



Oh! Je - sus is watch-ing us all, Yes! Je - sus is watch-ing us all.
 Oh! Je - sus is lov - ing us all, Yes! Je - sus is lov - ing us all.
 Oh! Je - sus is car - ing for all, Yes! Je - sus is car - ing for all.

The Childhood of Jesus

James Montgomery.

William Beery.

1. When Je - sus left His Fa - ther's throne, He chose an hum - ble birth;
 2. Like Him, may we be found be - low, In wis - dom's paths of peace;
 3. Sweet were His words, and kind His look, When moth - ers round Him pressed;
 4. Safe from the world's al - lur - ing harms, Be - neath His watch - ful eye,
 5. Ho - san - na! our glad voi - ces raise; Ho - san - na to our King!

Like us, un - hon - ored and un - known, He came to dwell on earth.
 Like Him, in grace and knowl - edge grow, As years and strength in - crease.
 Their in - fants in His arms He took, And on His bos - om blessed.
 Thus, in the cir - cle of His arms, May we for - ev - er lie!
 Should we for - get our Sav - ior's praise The stones them - selves would sing.

23

The Sunday-School Song

I. B. B.

I. B. B.

1. I'm glad when Sun - day morn - ing comes, Be - cause I like to go
 2. I'm thank - ful that God sent to us The Bi - ble good and true;

To Sun - day - School and find my class, And sit there in our row.
 It teach - es us His ho - ly will, And what is right to do.

We like the sto - ries and the songs, We're learn - ing how to pray,
 I like to go a - long to church, And hear the preach - er say

We love our teach - er ver - y much; I'm glad I came to - day.
 The things the Bi - ble teach - es us; I'm glad I came to - day.

E. H. H.

Edyth Hillery Hay.

1. Je - sus is the friend of chil - dren, He is ev - er near their side;
 2. Je - sus is the friend of chil - dren, Pa-tient, lov-ing, kind and good;
 3. Je - sus is the friend of chil - dren, He will ne'er for-sake His own;

There is room for ev - 'ry crea - ture, For His arms are o - pen wide.
 He is e'er the gen - tle Shep - herd, Tho' we will - ful are, and rude.
 Let us love and trust Him ev - er, Till we meet a-round His throne.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the friend of chil - dren, Tho' we may be small, Still He loves us all;

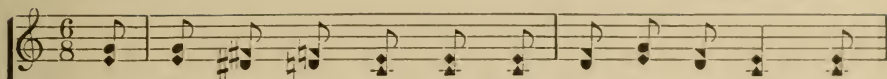
He will ev - er guard and keep us, Je - sus is the chil - dren's friend.

I Am His Child

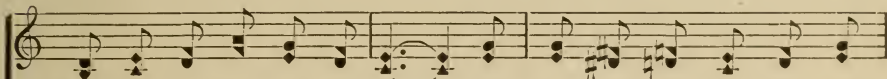
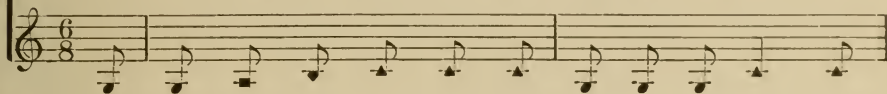
(FOR GIRLS' AND BOYS' VOICES)

E. H. H.

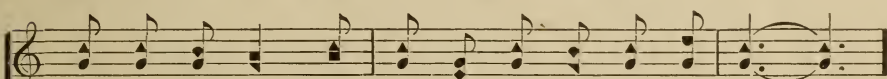
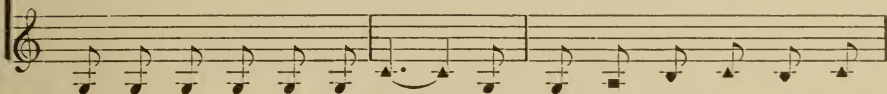
Edyth Hillery Hay.



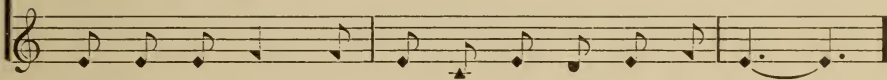
1. There's nev - er a mo - ment, there's nev - er an hour— There's
 2. And O, how I wish ev - 'ry child in the land Could



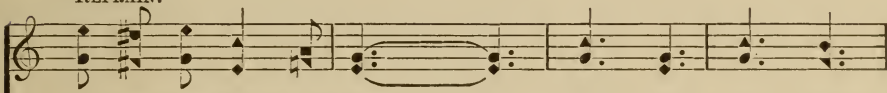
nev - er a day nor a year, But Je - sus is lov - ing - ly
 know of my dear Je - sus, too; I'm sure they'd be hap - py to



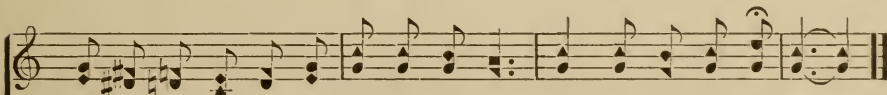
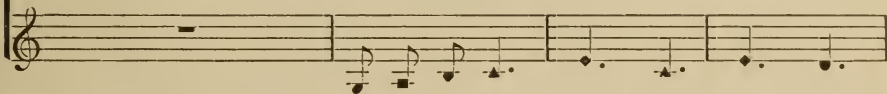
lead - ing me on, And qui - et - ing ev - er - y fear.....
 join our glad band, And fol - low our Lead - er so true.....



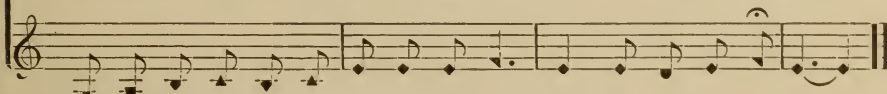
REFRAIN.



I am His child so dear,..... I love Je - sus!
 I am His child,



While He is lov - ing - ly lead - ing me on, I'll love Je - sus al - way!

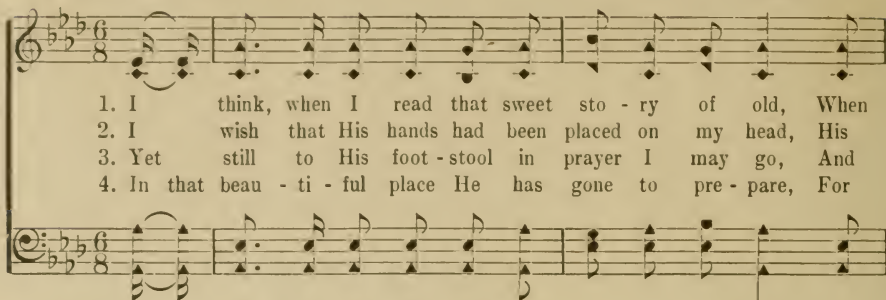


The Sweet Story of Old

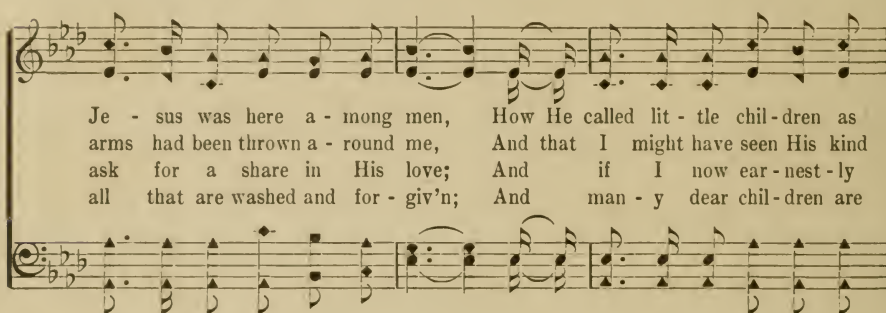
And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.—MARK 10 : 16.

Mrs. Jemima Luke.

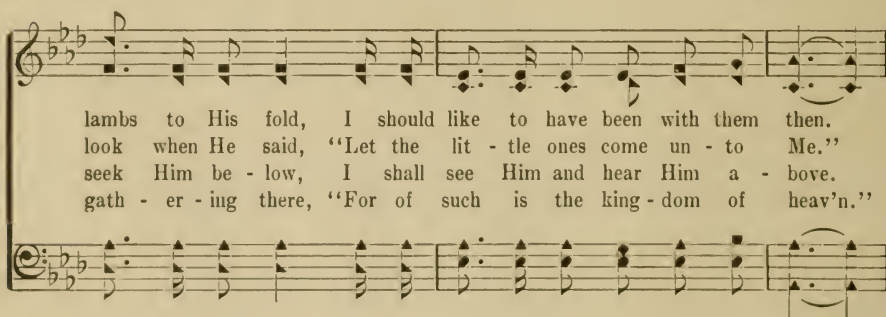
J. C. Englebrecht.



1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, His
 3. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, And
 4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare, For

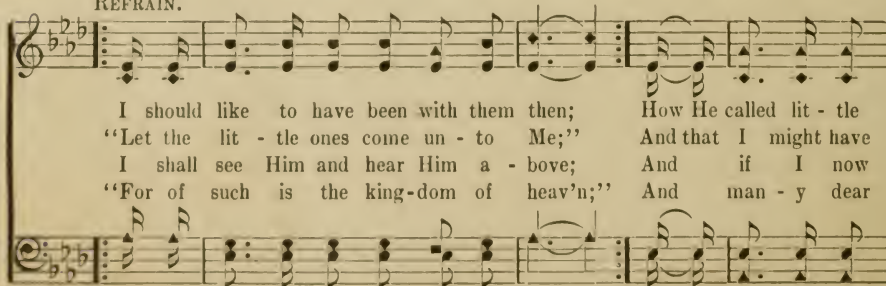


Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
 arms had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind
 ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly
 all that are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear chil - dren are



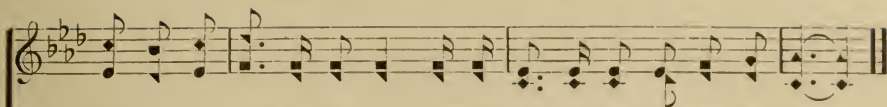
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
 look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
 seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
 gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

REFRAIN.

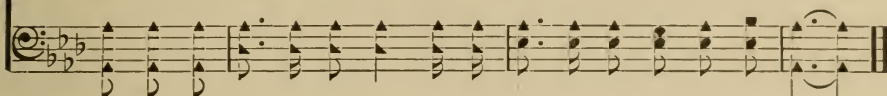


I should like to have been with them then; How He called lit - tle
 "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me;" And that I might have
 I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove; And if I now
 "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n;" And man - y dear

The Sweet Story of Old



chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
 seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
 ear - nest - ly seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
 chil - dren are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

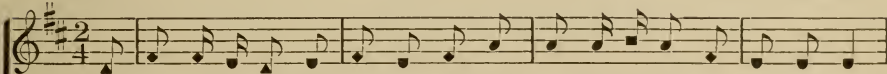


27

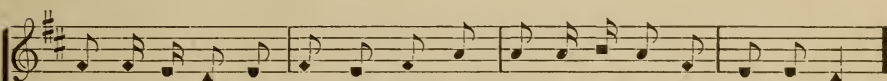
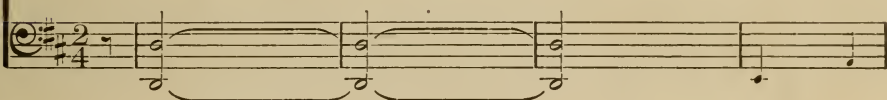
Two Little Hands

W. A. O.

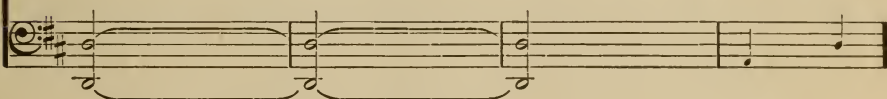
W. A. Ogden.



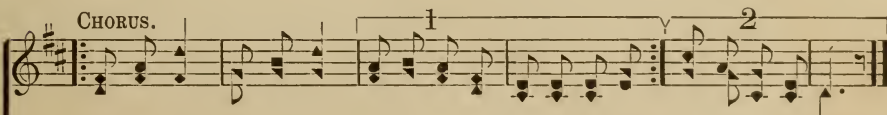
1. I've two lit - tle hands to work for Je - sus, One lit - tle tongue His praise to tell,
2. I've two lit - tle feet to tread the path - way Up to the heav'n - ly courts a - bove;
3. I've one lit - tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit - tle soul for Him to save,



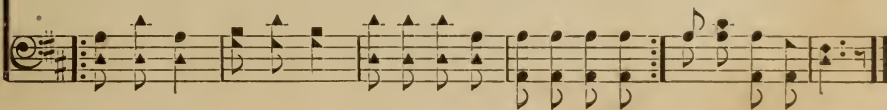
Two lit - tle ears to hear His coun - sel, One lit - tle voice a song to swell.
 Two lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Tell - ing of Je - sus' won - drous love.
 One lit - tle life for His dear serv - ice, One lit - tle self that He must have.



CHORUS.

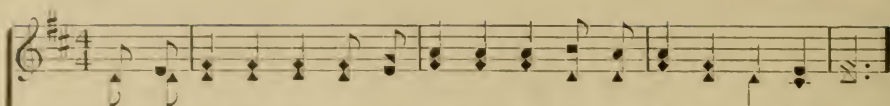


Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In our childhood's early morning, Come to learn of Thee.

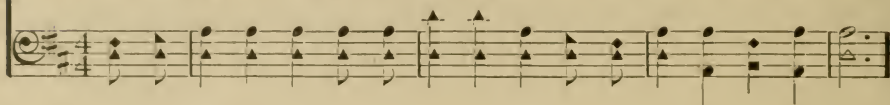


J. O. B.

J. O. Barnhart.



1. Once a shout and song from a might-y throng Sound-ed o'er Ju - de - a's hills;
2. Still from soul to soul let the ech - oes roll, Nev - er let the an - them cease;
3. Who will join our song as we march a - long 'Neath the ban - ner of His love?
4. Shout and sing once more, and from shore to shore Let the gos - pel ech - oes fly,



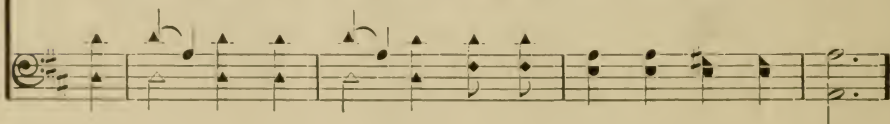
And to - day it swells, Je - sus' love to tell, And His praise our spir - it fills.
 Let the world re - joice, both with heart and voice, For He comes, the Prince of Peace.
 Help us win the fight for the Truth and Right, And re - ceive a crown a - bove.
 Till, from sin made whole, ev - 'ry ran-somed soul Joins the cho - rus of the skies.



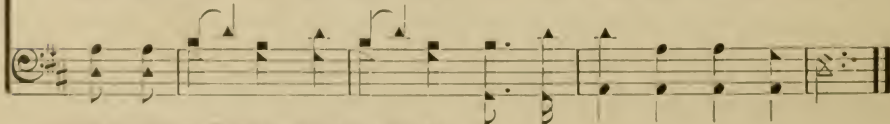
CHORUS.



Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Sang the chil - dren long a - go;



Sing Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Till the world His love shall know.



Do You Know How Many Stars?

Music from the German.

1. Do you know how man - y stars There are shin - ing in the sky?
 2. Do you know how man - y bird - ies In the sun - shine sing all day?
 3. Do you know how man - y chil - dren Go to lit - tle beds at night?

Do you know how man - y clouds Ev - 'ry day go float - ing by?
 Do you know how man - y fish - es In the spar - kling wa - ters play?
 And with - out a care or sor - row Wake a - gain with morn - ing light?

God the Lord their num - ber know - eth, For each one His care He show - eth,
 God the Lord who dwells in heav - en, Name and life to each has giv - en;
 God in heav'n each name can tell, . . . Knows us, too, and loves us well, . . .

Of the bright and bound - less host, Of the bright and bound - less host.
 In His love they live and move, In His love they live and move.
 He's our best and dear - est Friend, He's our best and dear - est Friend.

MOTIONS

Verse 1.—Arms extended above the head: move the fingers to represent the stars. Extend the arms in front and wave the hands, to show clouds.

Verse 2.—Extend the arms to the right and left, and move them to imitate the flying of the birds. Extend the hands and move from right to left in front to represent fishes.

Verse 3.—Bow the head on the hands and shut the eyes, opening them at the words, "Wake again."

Geo. B. Holsinger, by per.

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die, In His mer - cy
 2. Moth - ers then the Sav - ior sought, In the pla - ces where He taught, Un - to Him their
 3. Did the Sav - ior say them nay? No, He kind - ly bade them stay; Suf - fered none to
 4. Chil - dren then should love Him now, Strive His ho - ly will to do, Pray to Him, and

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.

passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.
 chil - dren bro't, Lit - tle ones like me. Lit - tle ones like me, Lit - tle ones like me;
 turn a - way Lit - tle ones like me.
 praise Him, too, Lit - tle ones like me.

Mrs. Geo. B. Holsinger, owner of Copyright.

Exercise Song

M. Villa.

1. We will all rise¹ up to - geth - er, We will all sit² down to - geth - er;
 2. We will stand⁴ up straight to - geth - er, We will fold⁵ our arms to - geth - er;
 3. We will sit up straight⁷ to - geth - er, We will place⁸ our feet to - geth - er;

We will mind the rule of Sun - day-School, And all rise³ up to - geth - er.
 We will mind the rule of Sun - day-School, And all sit⁶ down to - geth - er.
 We will mind the rule of Sun - day-School, And all keep still to - geth - er.

Copyright, 1902, by Marguerite Cook.

MOTIONS

The beauty of this piece is in united action. 1. Children rise. 2. Sit. 3. Rise. 4. Hands at sides, heads erect. 5. Arms folded. 6. Sit. 7. Sit erect with clasped hands. 8. Place feet together.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Earth is sing - ing, sweet notes ring - ing, Dai - sies nod - ding¹ to the breeze;
 2. Sum - mer treas - ures bring new pleas - ures, Glad - ness fills⁶ the hap - py hours;
 3. Hearts⁵ are bound - ing, songs re - sound - ing, In our youth we'll heed His call;

rit.
 Sun - light glow - ing, wild flow'rs blow - ing, Birds are swing - ing² in the trees.³
 Love un - fail - ing, all pre - vail - ing, Breathes⁷ a bless - ing from the flow'rs.
 Bird and foun - tain, plain and moun - tain, Praise⁴ the Fa - ther, Lord of all.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Praise⁴ Him! praise⁴ Him! God the lov - ing Fa - ther, All His works are good and sweet;

Praise⁴ Him! praise⁴ Him! Grateful tribute bring - ing, Bow⁵ in wor - ship at His feet.

Copyright, 1906, by Hope Publishing Company.

MOTIONS

1. Nod. 2. Make swinging motion with right hand. 3. Wave arms like branches. 4. Hold hands up, and look up. 5. Bow heads, kneel on left knee. 6. Clasp hands, forming a circle with arms. 7. Raise hands slowly to head level, palms downwards, then hold straight forward as in blessing. 8. Lay right hand on heart.

This is the Way

Grace L. Hosmer.

T. R. Allen.

1. This is the way the lit - tle leaves blow, To and fro, to and fro,
 2. This is the way the branch - es sway, All the day, all the day,
 3. This is the way the rain - drops fall, O - ver all, o - ver all,
 4. This is the way the bird - ies sleep, Nev - er peep, nev - er peep;

When the winds are soft and low, Ver - y soft and low.....
 When they with the sun-beams play, All the sum - mer day.....
 Trees so great and flow - ers small, O - ver one and all.
 While the moon-beams o'er them creep, Lit - tle bird - ies sleep.....

CHORUS.

This is the way, this is the way, God, in His wis - dom, made it so;

This is the way, this is the way, His great love to show.....

Copyright, 1915, by Hope Publishing Co., in "The Children's Jubilee."

MOTIONS

Verse 1.—Extend hands slightly; swing them slowly.

Verse 2.—Sway bodies from side to side.

Verse 3.—Extend hands; move fingers rapidly.

Verse 4.—Head to one side, arm over it.

E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Je - sus is a mer - ci - ful Sav - ior, Meek and mild, meek and mild;
 2. Je - sus is a friend to the wea - ry, Gives them rest, gives them rest;
 3. Je - sus loves the du - ti - ful chil - dren, Loves them well, loves them well,

Sweet His love and ten - der His fa - vor To each lit - tle child...
 Folds the weak in ten - der com - pas - sion, To His lov - ing breast...
 And will take them in - to His king - dom Ev - er - more to dwell....

CHORUS.

Love Him, love Him, chil - dren dear, Who from heav - en came,

And with voi - ces, sweet and clear, Praise His ho - ly name.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

1. { I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
 Won - der - ful things in the Ei - ble I see, This is the dear - est, that
 2. { Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Kind - ly He fol - lows wher -
 Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that
 3. { Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I
 This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be, Oh, what a won - der that

REFRAIN.

Book He has giv'n: }
 Je - sus loves me. }
 ev - er I stray; } I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,
 Je - sus loves me. }
 see the great King, }
 Je - sus loves me! }

Je - sus loves me, I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

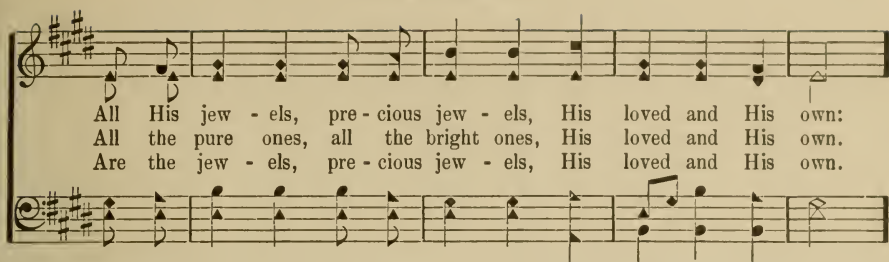
Rev. W. O. Cushing.

Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.

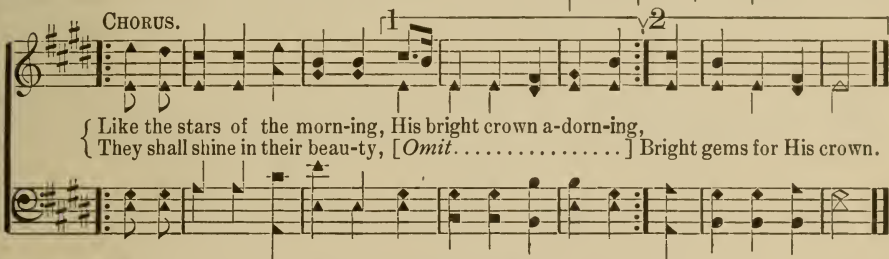
1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth, To make up His jew - els,
 2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom:
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er,

Jewels



All His jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own:
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
 Are the jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

CHORUS.



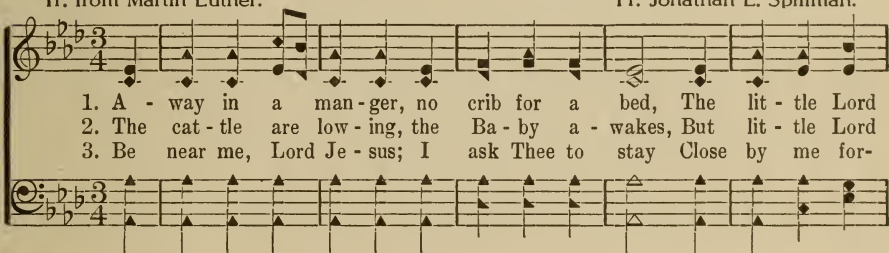
{ Like the stars of the morn-ing, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
 They shall shine in their beau-ty, [*Omit.*] Bright gems for His crown.

37

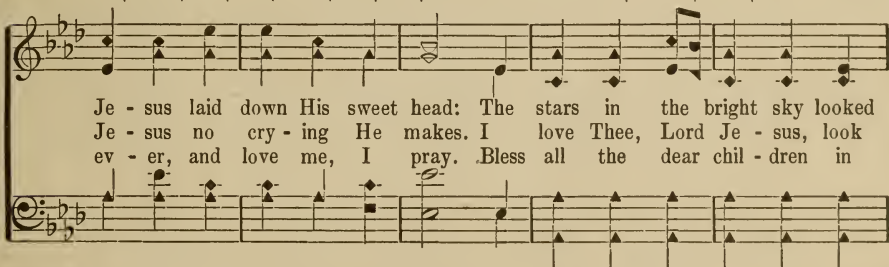
Away In a Manger

Tr. from Martin Luther.

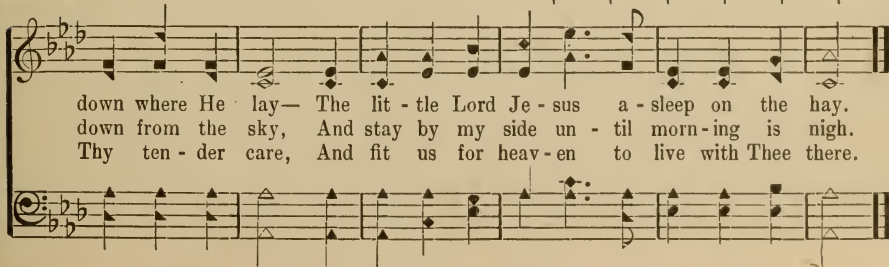
Fr. Jonathan E. Spillman.



1. A - way in a man-ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the Ba - by a - wakes, But lit - tle Lord
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-



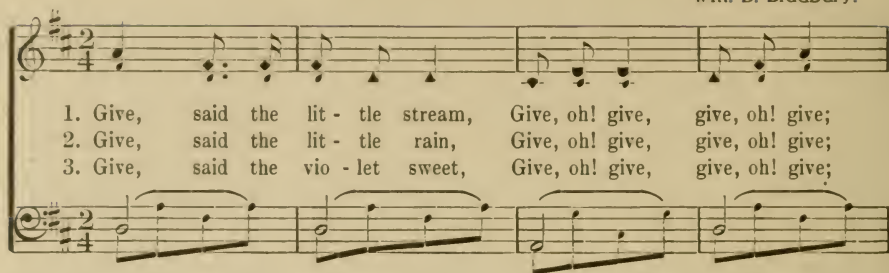
Je - sus laid down His sweet head: The stars in the bright sky looked
 Je - sus no cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, look
 ev - er, and love me, I pray. Bless all the dear chil - dren in



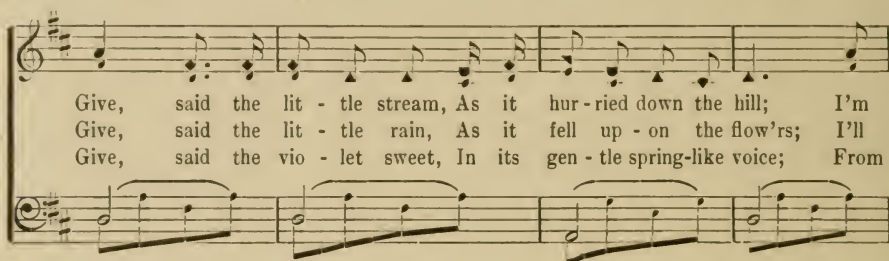
down where He lay— The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.
 down from the sky, And stay by my side un - til morn-ing is nigh.
 Thy ten - der care, And fit us for heav-en to live with Thee there.

Give, Said the Little Stream

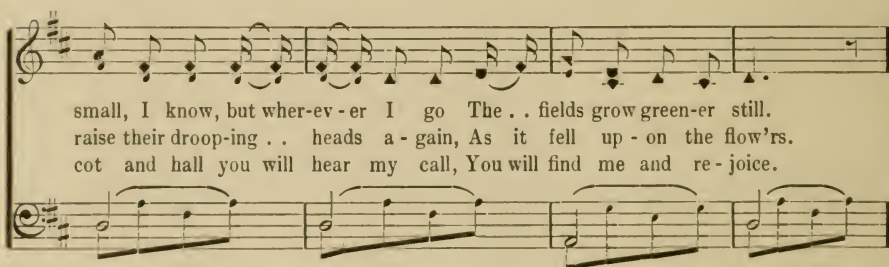
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Give, said the lit - tle stream, Give, oh! give, give, oh! give;
 2. Give, said the lit - tle rain, Give, oh! give, give, oh! give;
 3. Give, said the vio - let sweet, Give, oh! give, give, oh! give;

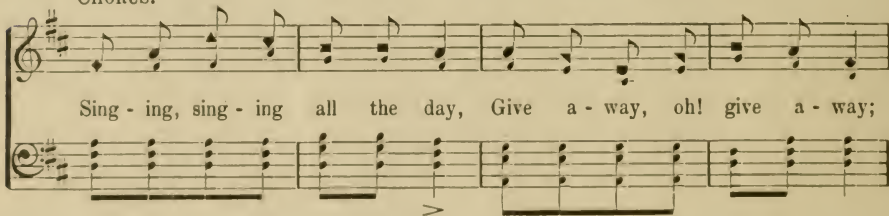


Give, said the lit - tle stream, As it hur - ried down the hill; I'm
 Give, said the lit - tle rain, As it fell up - on the flow'rs; I'll
 Give, said the vio - let sweet, In its gen - tle spring-like voice; From

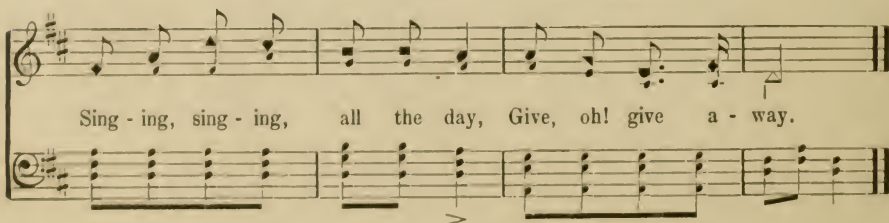


small, I know, but wher - ev - er I go The . . fields grow green - er still.
 raise their droop - ing . . heads a - gain, As it fell up - on the flow'rs.
 cot and hall you will hear my call, You will find me and re - joice.

CHORUS.



Sing - ing, sing - ing all the day, Give a - way, oh! give a - way;



Sing - ing, sing - ing, all the day, Give, oh! give a - way.

P. H.

J. H. F.

1-4. Fair lil - ies, fair lil - ies we bring you, The pret - ty white lil - ies we

bring you, So pure and so sweet, In beau - ty com - plete, The
bring you; So dear and so true, We bring them to you, The
bring you; So joy - ful to - day, In love - ly ar - ray, The
bring you; The first of the year, So full of good cheer, The

bright East - er lil - ies now bloom - ing. Oh, hear what the lil - ies would

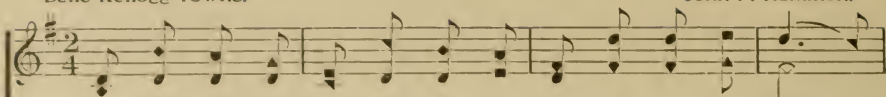
tell you, The pret - ty white lil - ies would tell you: In won - der - ful love
tell you, The pret - ty white lil - ies would tell you: He suf - ered and died
tell you, The pret - ty white lil - ies would tell you: He rose from the grave,
tell you, The pret - ty white lil - ies would tell you: "We rise from the tomb,

He came from a - bove, The bright East - er lil - ies would tell.
For us, cru - ci - fied, The bright East - er lil - ies would tell.
And liv - eth to save, The bright East - er lil - ies would tell.
In heav - en - ly bloom," The bright East - er lil - ies would tell.

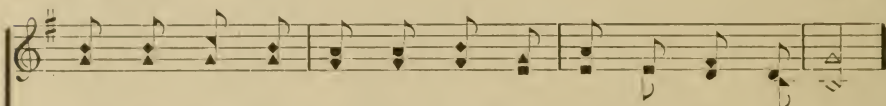
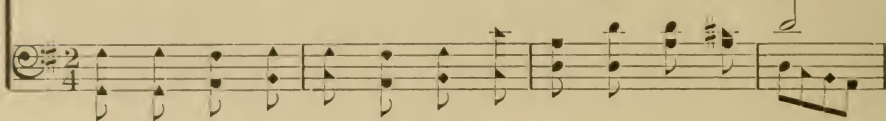
Easter Bells Are Ringing

Belle Kelloë Towne.

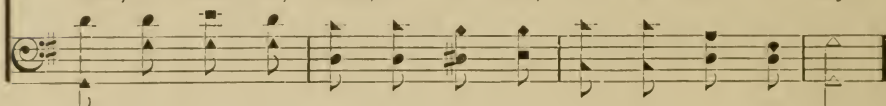
John P. Hamilton.



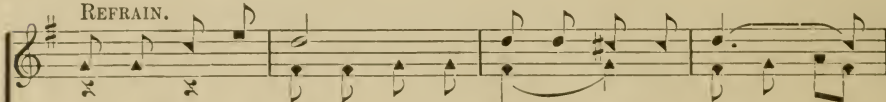
1. Bells are ring - ing, Birds are wing - ing, Breez - es soft - ly sway;
2. Bells are ring - ing, Chil - dren bring - ing Blossoms fresh and sweet;
3. Bells are ring - ing, Chil - dren sing - ing, Cast all fear a - way;



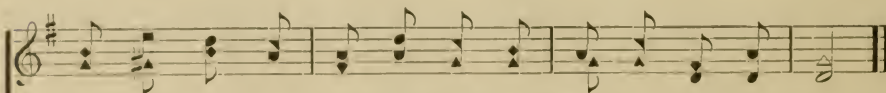
Sun and show - ers O - pen flow - ers For the East - er Day.
 Sing for glad - ness, Drop all sad - ness, East - er - tide to greet.
 Christ, our Broth - er, Christ, our Sav - ior, He is ris'n to - day.



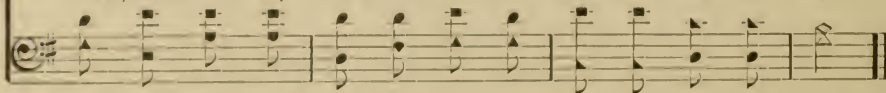
REFRAIN.



For the East - er Day,	For the East - er Day,.....	
For the East - er Day,.....	East - er Day,	
East - er - tide to greet,	East - er - tide to greet,.....	yes, to greet,
East - er - tide to greet,.....	He is ris'n to - day,.....	ris'n to - day,
He is ris'n to - day,	He is ris'n to - day,.....	



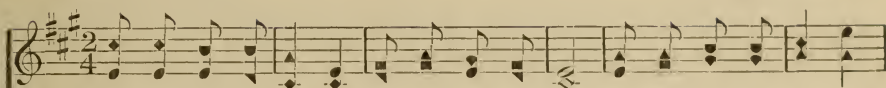
Sun and show - ers, O - pen flow - ers For the East - er Day.
 Sing for glad - ness, Drop all sad - ness, East - er - tide to greet.
 Christ, our Broth - er, Christ, our Sav - ior, He is ris'n to - day.



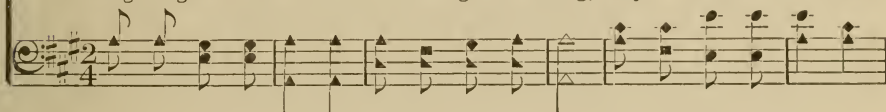
Onward, Happy Children

Adaline Hofb Beery.

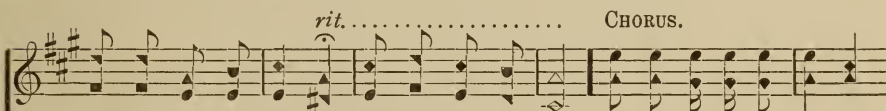
William Beery.



1. On - ward, hap - py chil - dren, In a time of peace; As with song we're marching,
2. Christ our bless - ed Sav - ior Once was but a child; We have learned to love Him
3. Bring a grate - ful trib - ute To our glo - rious King; May sin - cere de - vo - tion



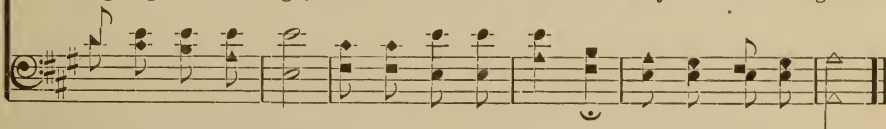
May our joy in - crease! Je - sus is our Cap - tain; He to Heav'n has gone;
 For His spir - it mild. Like the fra - grant blos - soms Grow - ing by the way,
 Fill us while we sing; Keep His coun - sels ho - ly, Spread a - broad His fame;



In His roy - al foot - steps We will fol - low on.
 So His life is bless - ing E - ven us to - day. On - ward, cheer - i - ly on - ward,
 Bow the knee and wor - ship His ex - alt - ed name!



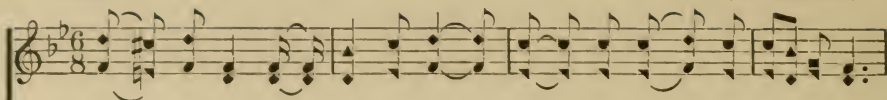
Sing - ing as we go; With the name of Je - sus May our ban - ners glow!



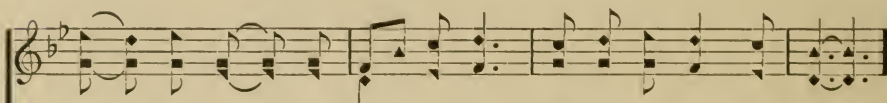
Gather the Children In

J. O. B.

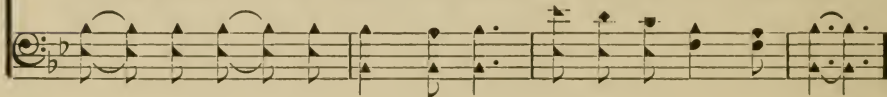
J. O. Barnhart.



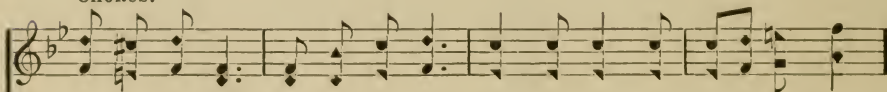
1. Gath-er the lit - tle chil - dren in, Strive their ten - der hearts to win,
2. Lead them in with a lov - ing hand, Gath-er them in, in a hap - py band,
3. Gath-er them in, both rich and poor, Lead them in thro' the o - pen door,
4. Gath-er them in - to the gos - pel feast, From north and south, and west and east;



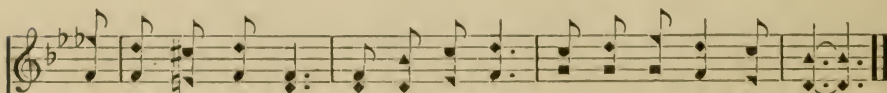
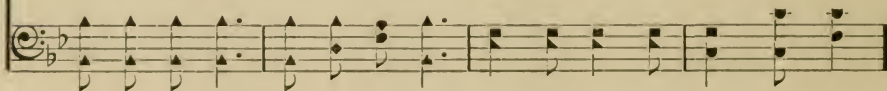
Ere they learn the paths of sin; Gath-er the chil - dren in.
 Bring them in, 'tis the Lord's com-mand; Gath-er the chil - dren in.
 Tell the old sto - ry o'er and o'er; Gath-er the chil - dren in.
 Je - sus will not de - spise the least; Gath-er the chil - dren in.



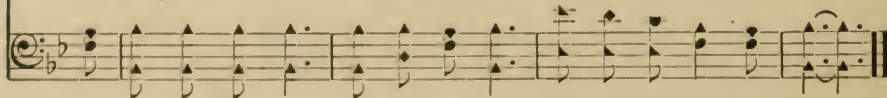
CHORUS.



Gath - er them in, gath - er them in, Ere they learn the paths of sin;



Oh, gath - er them in, gath - er them in; Gath - er the chil - dren in.



Jesus' Little Ones

Lanta Wilson Smith.

T. Martin Towne.

1. Like the birds and blos - soms, God has sent us here, Earth - ly days to
 2. We can work for Je - sus In so man - y ways; We can love Him
 3. We can be a com - fort To the friends we love, As we jour - ney

CHORUS.

bright - en, Earth - ly homes to cheer.
 dear - ly, We can sing His praise. Hap - py as the song - bird,
 on - ward To the home a - bove.

Sweet as dew - y rose, Je - sus' lit - tle ones may be, Ev - 'ry - bod - y knows.

Praise Him, All Ye Little Children

Anon.

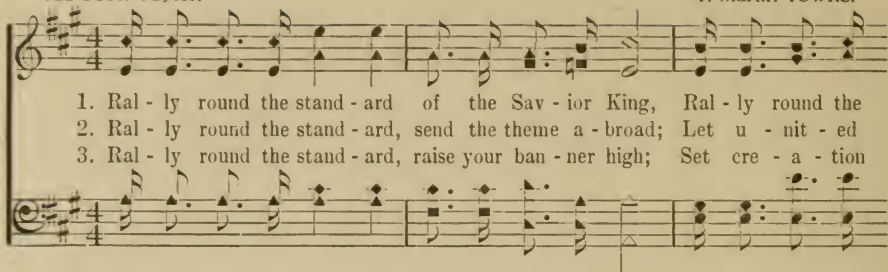
Arr. by Hubert P. Main.

1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is Love, He is Love; He is Love.
 2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is Love, He is Love; He is Love.
 3. Serve Him, serve Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is Love, He is Love; He is Love.
 4. Crown Him, crown Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is Love, He is Love; He is Love.

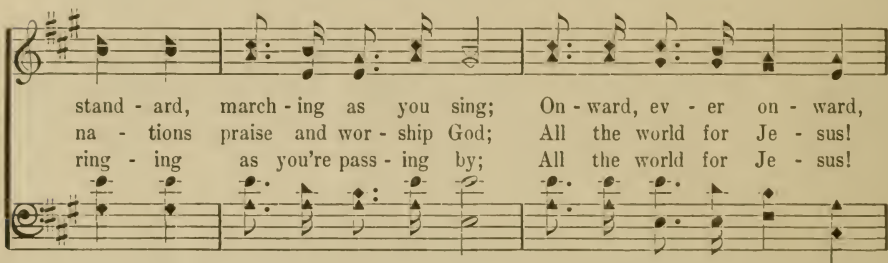
Rally Day Call

Ida Scott Taylor.

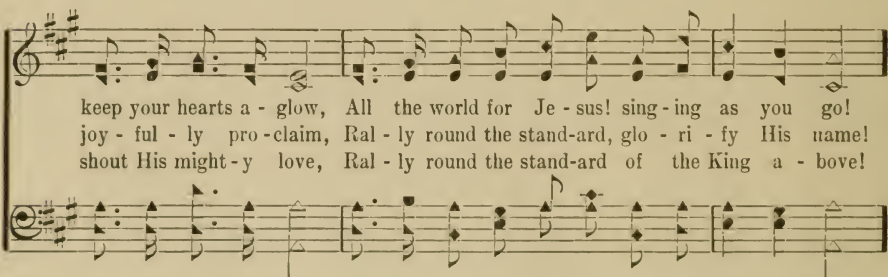
T. Martin Towne.



1. Ral - ly round the stand - ard of the Sav - ior King, Ral - ly round the
 2. Ral - ly round the stand - ard, send the theme a - broad; Let u - nit - ed
 3. Ral - ly round the stand - ard, raise your ban - ner high; Set cre - a - tion

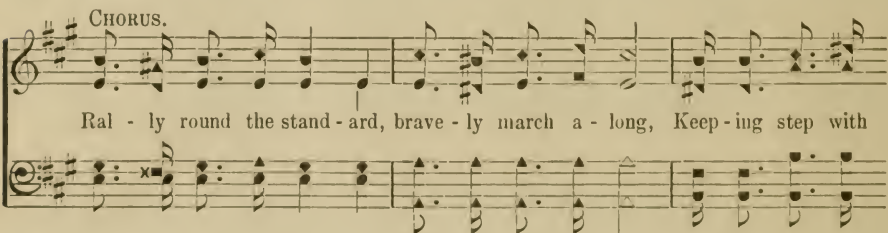


stand - ard, march - ing as you sing; On - ward, ev - er on - ward,
 na - tions praise and wor - ship God; All the world for Je - sus!
 ring - ing as you're pass - ing by; All the world for Je - sus!

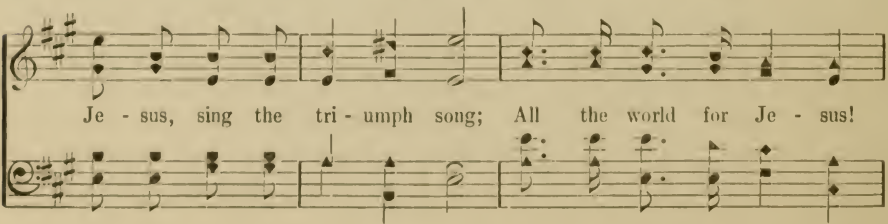


keep your hearts a - glow, All the world for Je - sus! sing - ing as you go!
 joy - ful - ly pro - claim, Ral - ly round the stand - ard, glo - ri - fy His name!
 shout His might - y love, Ral - ly round the stand - ard of the King a - bove!

CHORUS.

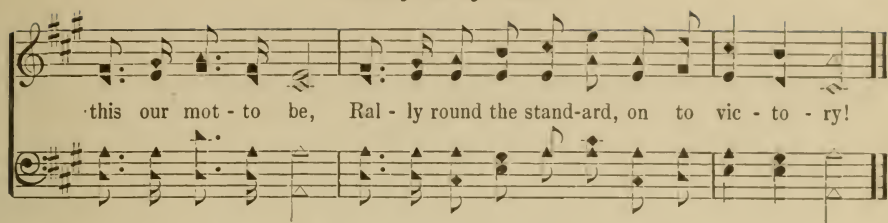


Ral - ly round the stand - ard, brave - ly march a - long, Keep - ing step with



Je - sus, sing the tri - umph song; All the world for Je - sus!

Rally Day Call



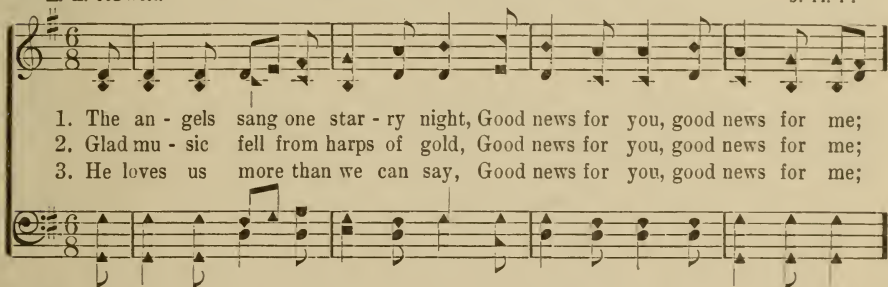
·this our mot - to be, Ral - ly round the stand-ard, on to vic - to - ry!

46

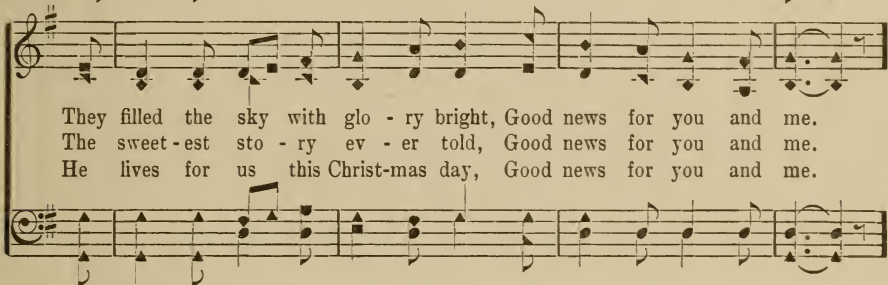
Good News For You and Me

E. E. Hewitt.

J. H. F.



1. The an - gels sang one star - ry night, Good news for you, good news for me;
 2. Glad mu - sic fell from harps of gold, Good news for you, good news for me;
 3. He loves us more than we can say, Good news for you, good news for me;

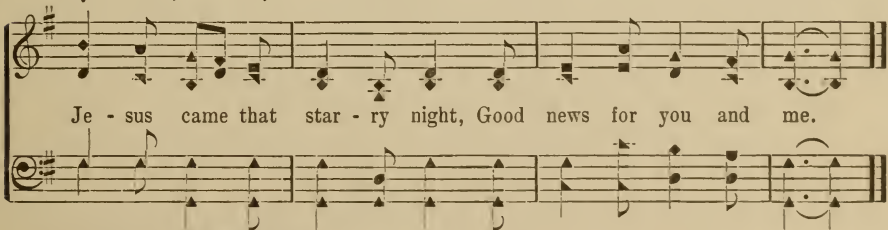


They filled the sky with glo - ry bright, Good news for you and me.
 The sweet - est sto - ry ev - er told, Good news for you and me.
 He lives for us this Christ-mas day, Good news for you and me.

REFRAIN.



*Hark! hark! hark! Good news for you and me;.... For



Je - sus came that star - ry night, Good news for you and me.

Copyright, 1892, by Fillmore Bros.

*At the words "Hark! hark! hark!" the children may put the hand up to the ear and assume an attitude of listening.

God Loves Them

W. J. Mathews.

J. B. Herbert.

1. God loves the lit - tle flow - ers, Wher - ev - er they may grow, In bright and
 2. God loves the lit - tle spar - rows, And guides them as they fly; He feeds them
 3. God loves the lit - tle streamlets, And sends them on their way, Thro' dai - sy
 4. God loves the lit - tle chil - dren, Much more than bird or brook, Or sweet - est

love - ly gar - dens, Or nooks that none may know; He bless - es them with
 in His kind - ness, Lest they should faint and die; He teach - es them their
 fields and mead - ows, Where we de - light to play; He keeps them clear and
 scent - ed flow - ers, How - ev - er fair they look; He sent His Son to

beau - ty, Of fra - grance and of love, And fills them in the
 mu - sic, That they may tell His praise A - mong the morn - ing
 shin - ing, While run - ning to the sea, And makes them leap with
 save us, With His most pre - cious blood, That we might be for -

REFRAIN.

morn - ing, With His re - fresh - ing dew. God loves the lit - tle flow - ers,
 branch - es, In sum - mer's gold - en days. God loves the lit - tle spar - rows,
 glad - ness, And sing right mer - ri - ly. God loves the lit - tle streamlets,
 ev - er The best loved works of God. God loves the lit - tle chil - dren,

God Loves Them

Lit - tle, lit - tle flow - ers, God loves the lit - tle flow - ers, God loves them.
 Lit - tle, lit - tle spar - rows, God loves the lit - tle spar - rows, God loves them.
 Lit - tle, lit - tle stream - lets, God loves the lit - tle streamlets, God loves them.
 Lit - tle, lit - tle chil - dren, God loves the lit - tle chil - dren, God loves them.

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Holy Night

Joseph Mohr.

Franz Gruber.

* *Andante.*

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright
 2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake at the sight!
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light

Round yon vir - gin moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,
 Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far, Heav'nly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia.
 Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.....
 Christ, the Sav - ior, is born! Christ, the Sav - ior, is born!.....
 Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.....

*Effective if sung at a distance.

Palmer Hartsough.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. Give as the Lord has prospered thee, Give, give to the Lord;
 2. Give to the poor a - long the way, Give, give to the Lord;
 3. Give, though so poor thy gift may seem, Give, give to the Lord;

Give with a will - ing mind and free, Give, give to the Lord;
 Give to the hea - then far a - way, Give, give to the Lord;
 Give but the cup in Je - sus' name, Give, give to the Lord;

He hath sup - plied thee o'er and o'er, Blessed thee in bas - ket and in store,
 Give to His need - y as they cry, Give to His peo - ple ere they die,
 Cheer - ful then give the good thou hast, Fear - less thy bread on wa - ters cast,

REFRAIN.

Prom - ised to fill thee more and more, Thy gra - cious Lord.
 Give to His gos - pel that it fly, Oh, give, give, give. Give, give with a
 It will re - turn to thee at last, In har - vests great.

will - ing hand, Give, give with a lib - eral hand, Give at His blest command Who

Cheerful Giving

pros - pered thee, Give, at His blest command Who pros - pered thee.

50

Little Feet, Be Careful

Mrs. L. M. B. Bateman.

J. H. Rosecrans.

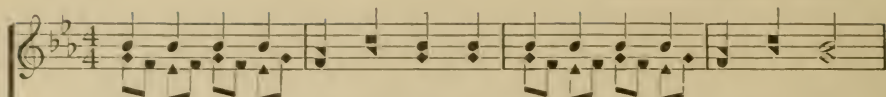
1. I washed my hands this morn - ing, Oh, ver - y clean and white, And lent them
2. I told my ears to lis - ten Quite close - ly all day thro', For an - y
3. My eyes are set to watch them A - bout their work or play, To keep them

CHORUS.


both to Je - sus, To work for Him till night.
act of kind - ness Such lit - tle hands can do. Lit - tle feet, be care - ful
out of mis - chief, For Je - sus' sake all day.

Where you take me to; An - y - thing for Je - sus, On - ly let me do.


* * *



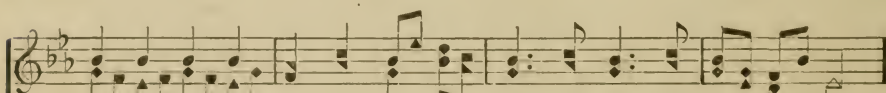
Like a cra-dle rock-ing, rock-ing, Si-lent, peace-ful, to and fro,



Like a moth-er's sweet looks drop-ping On the lit-tle face be-low,




Hangs the green earth, swing-ing, turn-ing, Jar-less, noise-less, safe and slow,

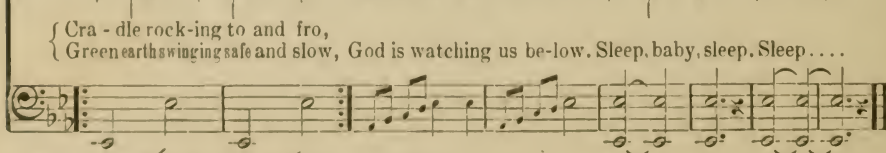


Falls the light of God's face bend-ing Down and watch-ing us be-low.

CHORUS.



{ Cra-dle rock-ing to and fro,
Green earth swing-ing safe and slow, God is watching us be-low. Sleep, baby, sleep. Sleep....



E. R. Latta.

J. D. Shaver.

1. We are lit - tle build - ers, Rear - ing block by block; And our sure foun -
 2. We are lit - tle build - ers, Do - ing God's com - mand; Not like un - be -
 3. We are lit - tle build - ers, Build - ing for the skies; And our joy in -

da - tion Is the sol - id rock. Not for wealth we're build - ing,
 liev - ers, Build - ing on the sand. We're a for - tress rais - ing,
 creas - es, Ev - er as we rise. Come and join our num - ber!

Nor for praise of man; But for our Re - deem - er, Do - ing all we can.
 'Gainst the pow'rs of wrong, Faith and hope in Je - sus; They shall make us strong.
 Do not i - dle stand! Come and speed our build - ing For the heav'n - ly land.

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W. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
 3. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
 D. C. for Chorus.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
 I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Je - sus, save me, save me now.

Mrs. S. A. Gamble.

S. B. Gamble.

1. With ban - ner and song we are march - ing a - long, With "For - ward" for
 2. Our coun - try has need of val - or - ous deed, Her ban - ner leads
 3. With ban - ner and song we are march - ing a - long, Pro - mot - ed a

watch - word to - day; One step at a time, we are form - ing in
 for - ward to - day; Its folds are un - furled, we must teach the whole
 step to - day; As years go by we will faith - ful - ly

CHORUS.

line, Our Sav - ior's com - mand to o - bey.....
 world Our Sav - ior's com - mand to o - bey..... Ev - er on, ev - er
 try Our Sav - ior's com - mand to o - bey.....

on! We will stead - i - ly march, ev - er on; Till pro - mot - ed at

last, Earth's con - flicts all past, We stead - i - ly march ev - er on.....

A Band of Boys

George Orlia Webster.

Grant Colfax Tullar.

Voices in Unison.

1. We're a band of boys, You would know by the noise, There's a
 2. We're a band of boys, And we can't help the noise, 'Tis the
 3. We're a band of boys, Hope you don't mind the noise, 'Tis a
 4. We're a band of boys, If you can't stand the noise, It is

day that will come ere long, — If you look a - head, You can hear our tread,
 way of the boys, you know; If we can't keep still, With a boy's strong will,
 fact that it's just be - gun, For we mean to fight In the cause of right,
 sad that you all are here, For there will be more, When the fight is o'er,

CHORUS.

As we march a - gainst the wrong.
 We can strike old sin a blow. We are march-ing on to
 Till the vic - to - ry is won.
 And we raise the vic - tor's cheer.

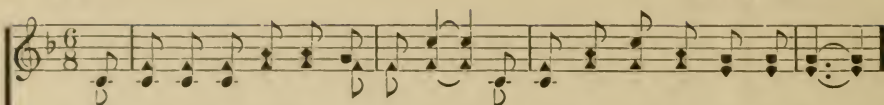
man-hood, And a man's place we will fill; When the Lord says, "Go,"

We will not say, "No," But with one voice say, "I will."

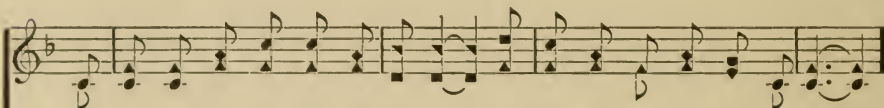
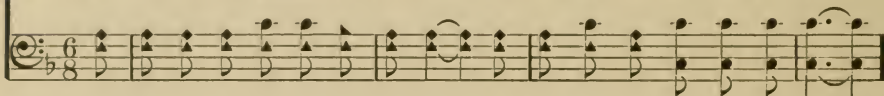
The Children Are Coming

A. H. B.

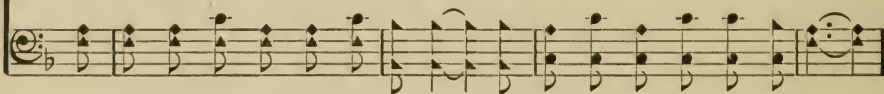
Adaline H. Beery.



1. We're com-ing to wor-ship the Mas-ter, To glean in His har-vest so white;
2. We'll watch for the wheat in the cor-ners, And bind it in bright lit-tle sheaves;
3. We'll work for the poor lit-tle chil-dren Who're dwell-ing be-yond the dark seas;
4. The les-sons of pa-tience and kind-ness We'll car-ry wher-ev-er we go;



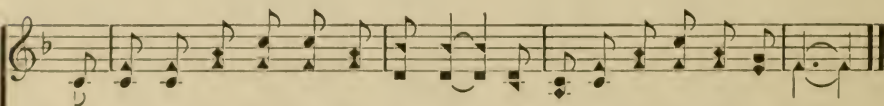
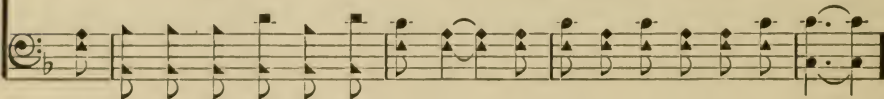
We'll fol-low the ranks of the reap-ers, And sing in the glad sum-mer light.
 We'll store it a-way in the gar-ner Where Je-sus His treas-ure re- ceives.
 We know that their souls are as pre-cious To Je-sus as an-y of these.
 Our prayers the wide world shall en-cir-cle That all men our Sav-ior may know.



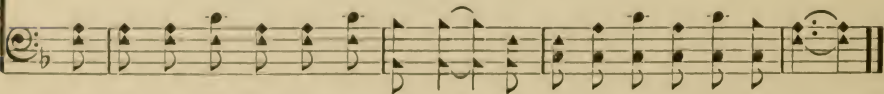
CHORUS.



We're com-ing, dear Sav-ior, we're com-ing, To an-swer Thy clear, ten-der call;

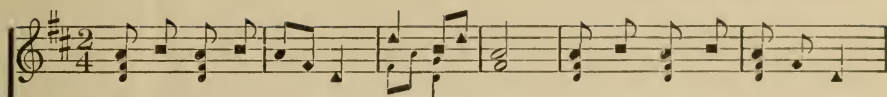


We're com-ing, dear Friend of the chil-dren, We bring Thee our serv-ice, our all.

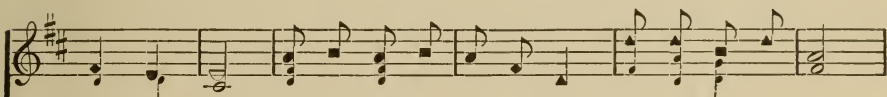


M. B. G.

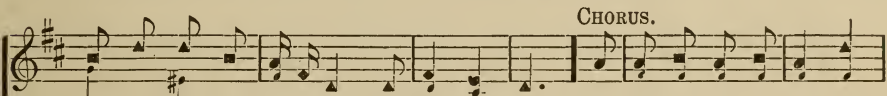
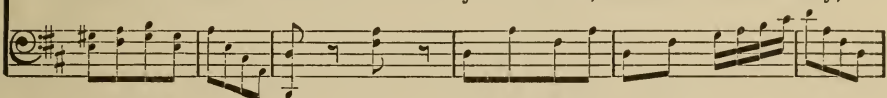
Margueritte Bixler Garrett.



1. We are lit - tle sun - beams, We must shine In this big, sweet world of ours,
 2. We are lit - tle sun - beams, We must shine In this bus - y world of ours,

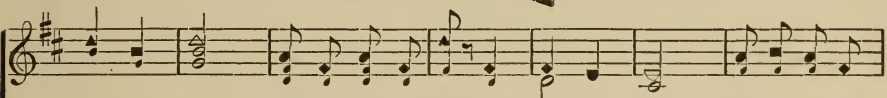
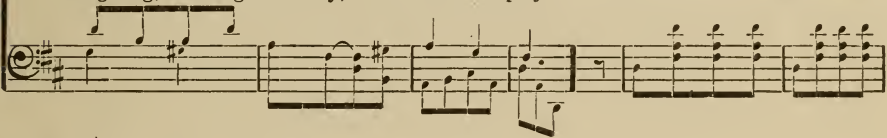


Yours and mine. We must help the bird - ies sing, Help the flow - ers grow,
 Yours and mine. We must beau - ti - fy the earth, Chase dark clouds a - way,

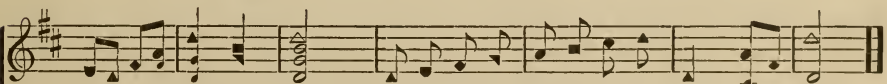
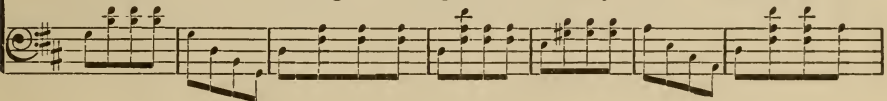


CHORUS.

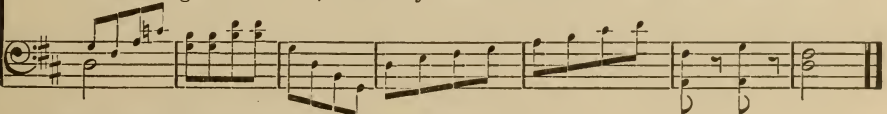
Laugh-ing, danc-ing mer-ri-ly, We come and go. The dear-est lit - tle sun-beams
 Laugh-ing, danc-ing mer-ri-ly, We work and play.



We must be, Shin-ing, O so bright, that all may see; His own lit - tle



sun-beams good and true, Don't you want to be a lit - tle sun - beam too?

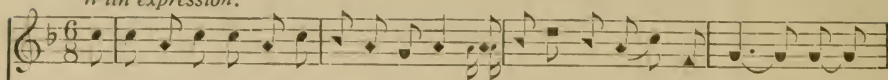


The World Children For Jesus

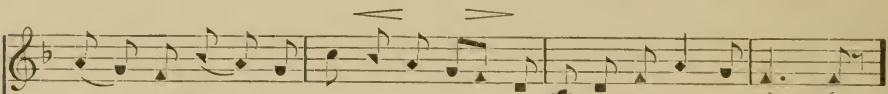
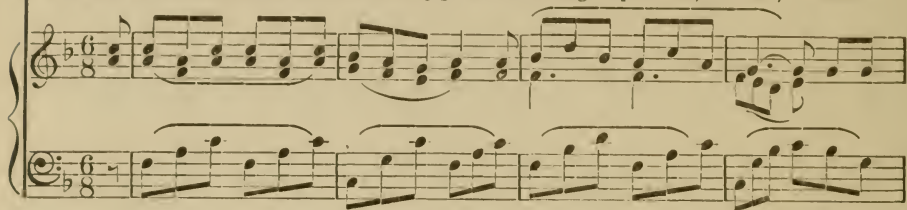
M. C. B.

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

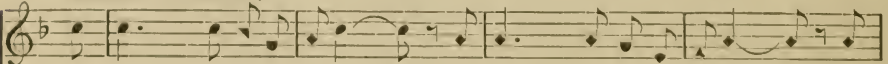
Margaret Coote Brown.

With expression.

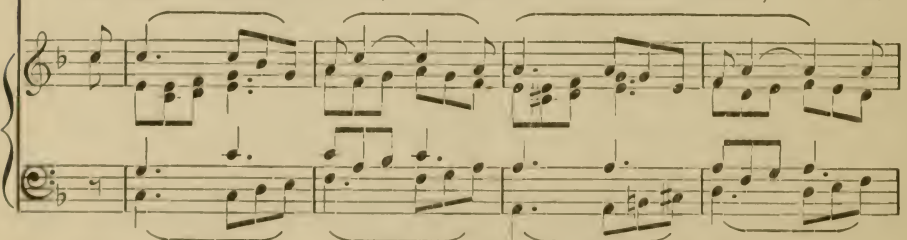
1. The cunning papoose in the wigwam that lives, Whose life is so hap-py and free, Is my
2. The Es - ki-mo babies are wrapped all in fur; They live in the north coun-try, Where
3. The lit-tle Jap babies, with shining dark eyes, Live on a green isle in the sea; Too
4. The pret-ty brown babies who roll in the sand, In a country far o-ver the sea, Are my
5. And all the dear babies, wher-ev-er they grow, So cunning, so precious, so wee, Are



In - di - an broth-er; and Je - sus loves him Just as He loves you and me....
 cold winds blow; and Je - sus loves them Just as He loves you and me....
 man-y to count; and Je - sus loves them Just as He loves you and me....
 Af - ri - can brothers; and Je - sus loves them Just as He loves you and me....
 God's darling children; and Je - sus loves them Just as He loves you and me....

REFRAIN. *Sostenuto.*

The world children for Je - sus, The world chil-dren for Je-sus, The



The World Children For Jesus

world chil-dren for Jesus who loves them, Who loves ev - 'ry one.....

ff *dim.*

This musical score is for the hymn 'The World Children For Jesus'. It features a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and a piano accompaniment in 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with a half note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, and C, then a quarter note D, and continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the right hand, including quarter and eighth notes. Dynamic markings include *ff* (fortissimo) and *dim.* (diminuendo).

59

God Bless Our Land

Chas. T. Brooks and John S. Dwight.

P. H. Fellows.

1. God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand
2. For her our prayer shall rise To God a - bove the skies;

This system of the musical score for 'God Bless Our Land' is in G major (one flat) and 3/4 time. It includes two verses of lyrics. The vocal melody is simple, using mostly quarter and half notes. The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a melody of quarter and half notes in the right hand.

Thro' storm and night. When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of
On Him we wait. Thou who art ev - er night, Guard-ing with

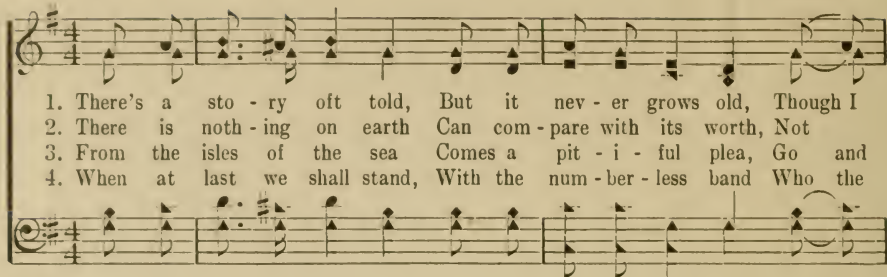
This system continues the musical score for 'God Bless Our Land'. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment maintain the same rhythmic and melodic patterns as the first system, with the piano part providing a steady harmonic foundation.

wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save, By Thy great might.
watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State.

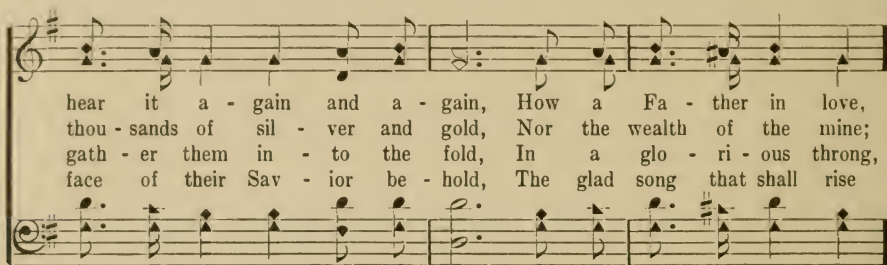
This is the final system of the musical score for 'God Bless Our Land'. It concludes with a final cadence in the piano accompaniment and a sustained note in the vocal line. The piano part ends with a series of quarter notes, while the vocal part holds a final note.

J. O. B.

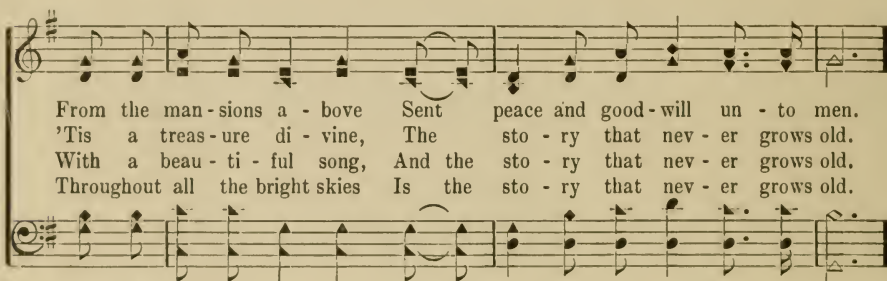
J. O. Barnhart.



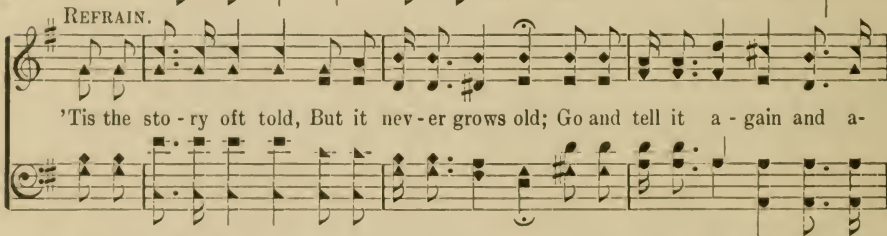
1. There's a sto - ry oft told, But it nev - er grows old, Though I
 2. There is noth - ing on earth Can com - pare with its worth, Not
 3. From the isles of the sea Comes a pit - i - ful plea, Go and
 4. When at last we shall stand, With the num - ber - less band Who the



hear it a - gain and a - gain, How a Fa - ther in love,
 thou - sands of sil - ver and gold, Nor the wealth of the mine;
 gath - er them in - to the fold, In a glo - ri - ous throng,
 face of their Sav - ior be - hold, The glad song that shall rise



From the man - sions a - bove Sent peace and good - will un - to men.
 'Tis a treas - ure di - vine, The sto - ry that nev - er grows old.
 With a beau - ti - ful song, And the sto - ry that nev - er grows old.
 Throughout all the bright skies Is the sto - ry that nev - er grows old.



REFRAIN.
 'Tis the sto - ry oft told, But it nev - er grows old; Go and tell it a - gain and a -



gain, For it seemeth more sweet Each time you repeat The sto - ry that nev - er grows old.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of life,
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of life;
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of life;
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of life;
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of life;

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty.
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

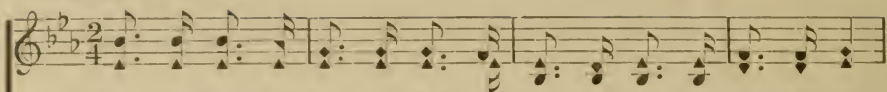
CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life;...

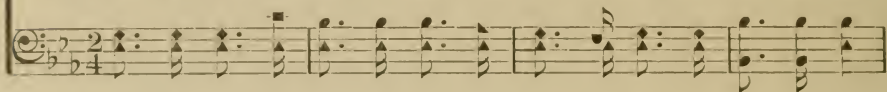
Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life.

Adaline H. Beery.

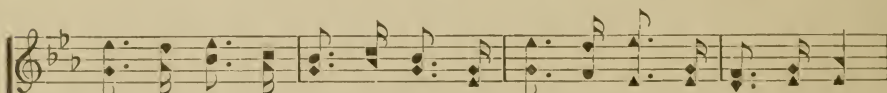
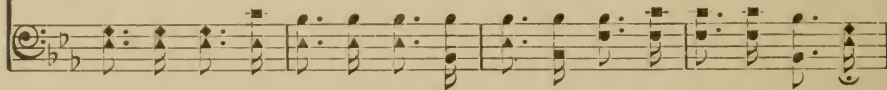
J. Henry Showalter.



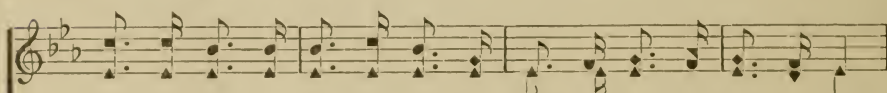
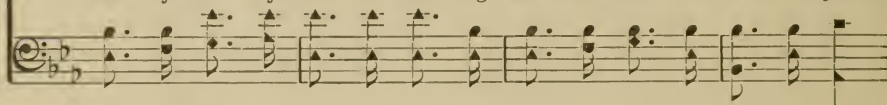
1. Here we come, with songs of glad - ness; 'Tis our own, the chil - dren's day!
 2. 'Tis a time of sun - ny sweet - ness, 'Tis our own, this fair June day!



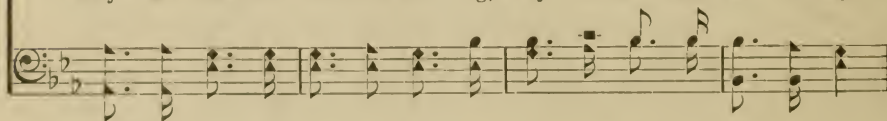
Chase a - way all win - try sad - ness, For the earth is green and gay; Yes,
 Buds have come to their com - plete - ness, Sum - mer hopes have come to stay; Yes,



Gath - er in the ra - diant flow - ers, Let their fra - grance fill the air,
 Sure - ly ev - 'ry heart is beat - ing With our kind Cre - a - tor's praise;



Notes of birds in leaf - y bow - ers Float in - to the house of prayer.
 May He bless this chil - dren's meet - ing, May we serve Him all our days.



REFRAIN.



Joy - ful, joy - ful chil - dren we, Faith - ful, help - ful may we be; On the truth we



Here We Come

stand, Read - y at com - mand, Christ to fol - low to the heav'n - ly land.

63

Children's Offering

Laura E. Newell.

(CHILDREN'S DAY)

R. A. Glenn.

1. Come, all ye chil-dren, chant the re-frain, Sound ye His prais-es glad - ly a - gain;
2. Hap - py our hearts this glad Children's day, Flow'rs in pro - fu-sion, bright in ar - ray,
3. Shout, shout ho-san-na, tell of His love, All of His bless-ings faith - ful - ly prove;

He who in heav'n and earth doth reign, Now claims our grate - ful lays.
 Sun - light is gleam - ing where we stray, To glad - den all a - round.
 All of our needs doth He sup - ply, Who rules a - bove the skies.

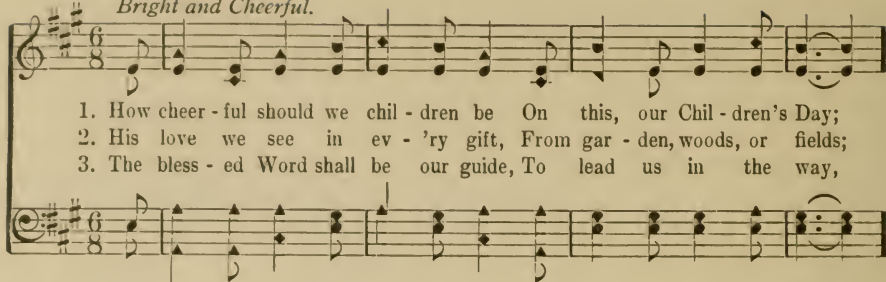
CHORUS.

Shout, shout His prais-es, Joy - ful - ly sing, Un - to the Sav - ior our of - f'ring bring;

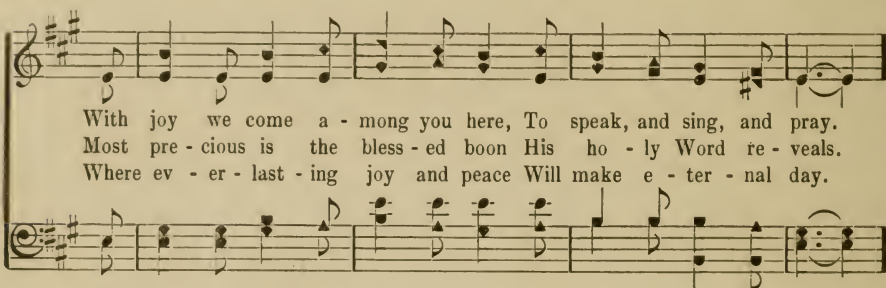
Je - sus who loves us, we'll crown our King, And praise His ho - ly name.

Rev. William H. Shults.

S. W. S.

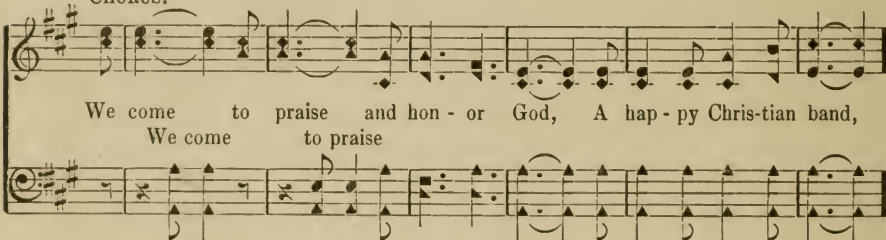
Bright and Cheerful.


1. How cheer - ful should we chil - dren be On this, our Chil - dren's Day;
 2. His love we see in ev - 'ry gift, From gar - den, woods, or fields;
 3. The bless - ed Word shall be our guide, To lead us in the way,

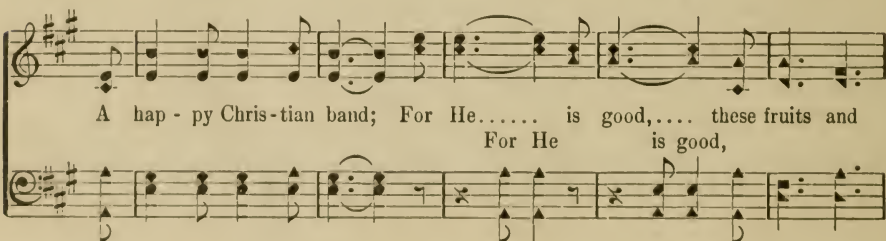


With joy we come a - mong you here, To speak, and sing, and pray.
 Most pre - cious is the bless - ed boon His ho - ly Word re - veals.
 Where ev - er - last - ing joy and peace Will make e - ter - nal day.

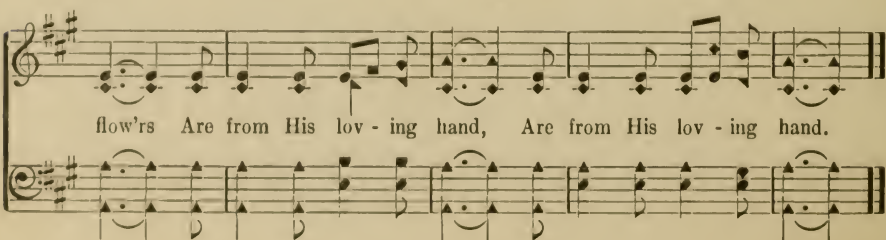
CHORUS.



We come to praise and hon - or God, A hap - py Chris - tian band,
 We come to praise



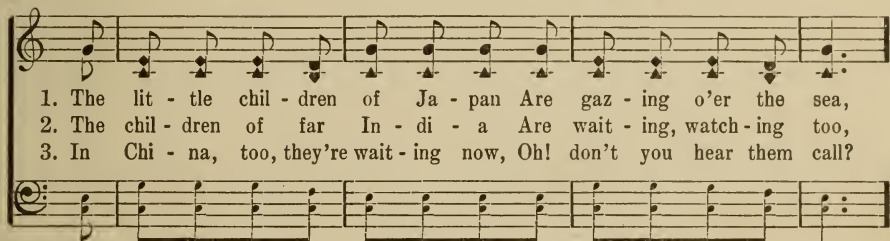
A hap - py Chris - tian band; For He..... is good,.... these fruits and
 For He is good,



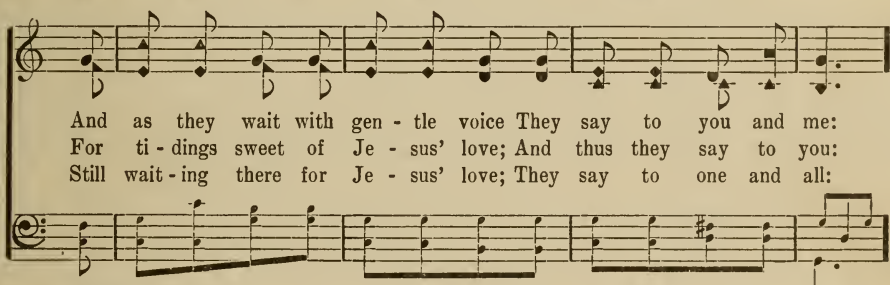
flow'rs Are from His lov - ing hand, Are from His lov - ing hand.

Carrie B. Adams.

Carrie B. Adams.

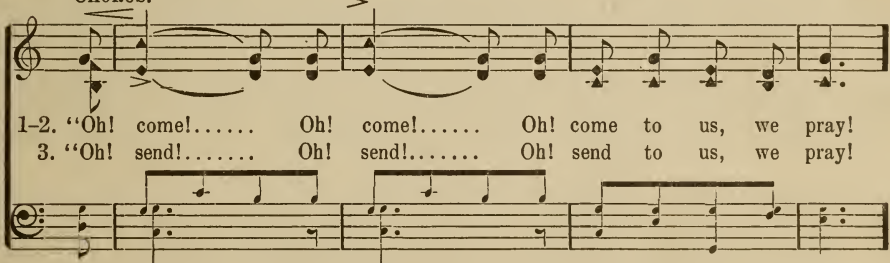


1. The lit - tle chil - dren of Ja - pan Are gaz - ing o'er the sea,
 2. The chil - dren of far In - di - a Are wait - ing, watch - ing too,
 3. In Chi - na, too, they're wait - ing now, Oh! don't you hear them call?

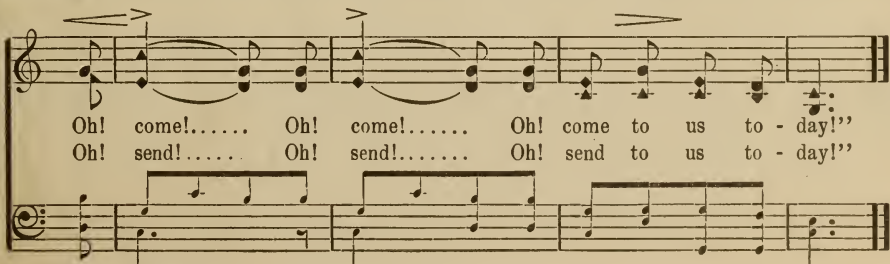


And as they wait with gen - tle voice They say to you and me:
 For ti - dings sweet of Je - sus' love; And thus they say to you:
 Still wait - ing there for Je - sus' love; They say to one and all:

CHORUS.



- 1-2. "Oh! come!..... Oh! come!..... Oh! come to us, we pray!
 3. "Oh! send!..... Oh! send!..... Oh! send to us, we pray!



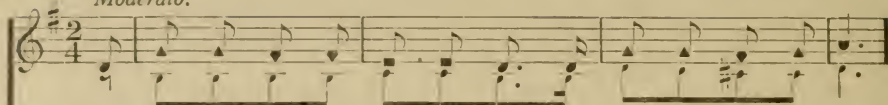
Oh! come!..... Oh! come!..... Oh! come to us to - day!"
 Oh! send!..... Oh! send!..... Oh! send to us to - day!"

It Never Pays to Be Bad

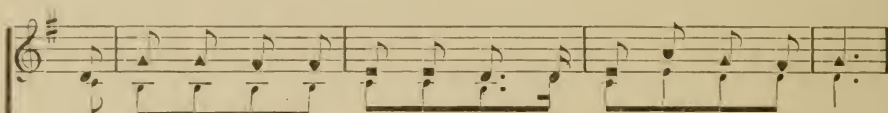
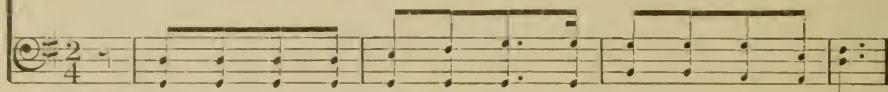
Lizzie DeArmond.

(MOTION SONG.)

I. H. Meredith.

Moderato.

1. When wrong tho'ts ¹come we'll ²drive them out, For sin be - gins ³in - side,
 2. God tries to win us back to Him, He wants us to be good,
 3. If Je - sus fills our ⁴hearts with good, The bad will ⁶run a - way;



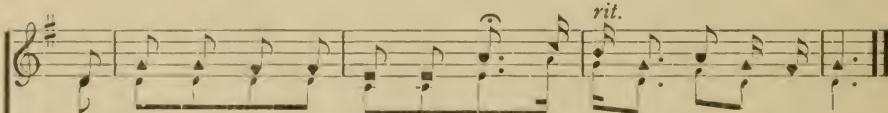
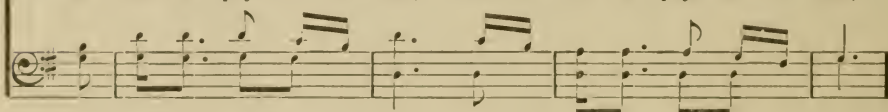
And not an e - vil word or deed With - in our ⁴hearts shall hide.
 And take the road that ⁵leads to heav'n, As all His chil - dren should.
 We'll ⁷ask Him now to make us clean, And free from sin each day.



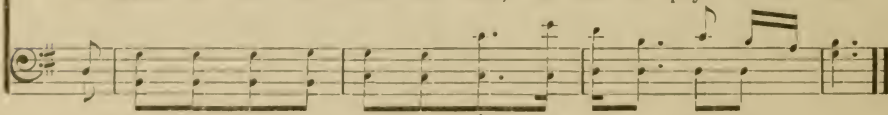
REFRAIN.



It nev - er pays to be bad, No! it nev - er pays to be bad;



It makes one feel so mean in - side, It nev - er pays to be bad.



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MOTIONS

1. Bring hands, palms inward, toward breast. 2. Throw hands outward. 3. Lay right hand on breast. 4. Lay right hand on heart. 5. Move right hand diagonally upward. 6. Move hands outward, making running motion with them. 7. Fold hands and look up until close of last line.

M. B. G.

Margueritte Bixler Garrett.

1. There's a sweet lit - tle sto - ry of old, In a book named the
 2. There's a sweet lit - tle sto - ry of old, In this gos - pel so
 3. There are man - y life sto - ries re - plete With de - vo - tion and
 4. Let us treas - ure these sto - ries to - day, Trust and sing as we

Bi - ble it is told, How the Lord in His ver - i - fy - ing truth, Crowned with
 pleas - ing - ly is told, How the roy - al - ty of moth - er - hood should be Shown thro'
 sac - ri - fice so sweet Which on earth are nev - er ful - ly told, But in
 jour - ney on our way, Re - flect - ing His glo - ry from a - bove, From e -

REFRAIN.

hon - or the beau - ti - ful Ruth.
 Ma - ry the maid of Gal - i - lee. 'Tis my Lord and Mas - ter call - ing
 heav'n found in let - ters of gold.
 ter - ni - ty's moth - er - hood of love.

me, Gen - tly say - ing: "Come, glean a - long my way; A re -


ward rich and sure thine will be — Come and glean in my wheat - field to - day."

First the Line On Coast We Make

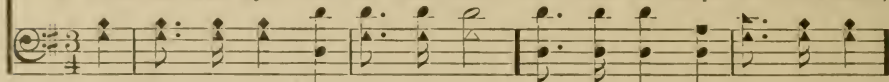
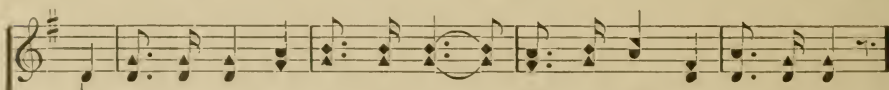
Rev. C. W. Ross.

("PALESTINE SONG")


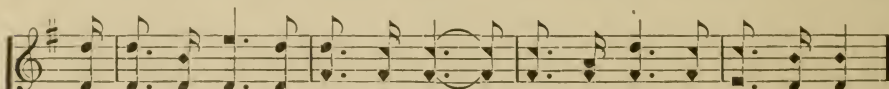
Music arranged.



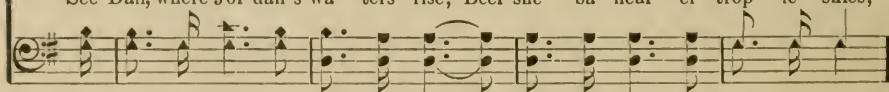
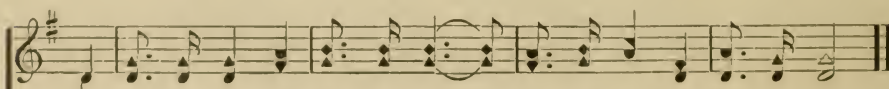
1. First the line on coast we make; Me - rom next, a marsh - y lake;
 2. Look - ing north - ward you may view Leb - a - non and Her - mon, too;
 3. On Zi - on stands Je - ru - sa - lem; Six miles south is Beth - le - hem;
 4. Ca - per - na - um by Gal - i - lee, Near its twin Beth - sai - da see;
 5. From hea - then Tyre ma - te - rials came To build a temple to God's name;


Then the Sea of Gal - i - lee, Ex - act - ly east of Car - mel, see.
 Car - mel and Gil - bo - a grim, Ta - bor, E - bal, Ger - i - zim.
 On Ol - ive's slope is Beth - an - y, Beth - ab - a - ra by Jor - dan see.
 Cæ - sa - re - a, Phi - lip - pi, At Her - mon's base is seen to lie;
 The sor - rowing wid - ow's son at Nain Je - sus raised to life a - gain.

The Jor - dan riv - er flows through both To the Dead Sea on the south;
 Near Je - ru - sa - lem we see Ol - i - vet and Cal - va - ry.
 Our Sav - ior drank at Sy - char's well; Of boy - hood days let Naz - areth tell;
 A - long the coast these three ap - pear, Ga - za, Jop - pa, Cæ - sa - rea;
 See Dan, where Jor - dan's wa - ters rise, Beer - she - ba near - er trop - ic skies;

And the Great Sea west - ward lies, Stretch - ing far as sun - set skies.
 Ju - de - a's hills rise south and west Of lone - ly Ne - bo's low - 'ring crest.
 At Ca - na wa - ter turned to wine Showed our Lord to be di - vine.
 South to Beth - el we may go To He - bron next and Jer - i - cho.
 North and south these cit - ies stand And mark the length of Is - rael's land.



Twilight is Falling

A. S. Kieffer.

B. C. Unsel.

Andantino.

1. Twi - light is steal - ing O - ver the sea, Shad - ows are fall - ing
 2. Voi - ces of loved ones! Songs of the past! Still lin - ger round me
 3. Come in the twi - light, Come, come to me! Bring - ing some mes - sage

Dark on the lea; Borne on the night - winds, Voi - ces of yore
 While life shall last; Lone - ly I wan - der, Sad - ly I roam,
 O - ver the sea, Cheer - ing my path - way While here I roam,

CHORUS. *f*

Come from the far - off shore.
 Seek - ing that far - off home. Far a - way be - yond the star - lit skies,
 Seek - ing that far - off home.

Where the love - light nev - er, nev - er dies, Gleam - eth a man - sion

Filled with de - light, Sweet, hap - py home, so bright!

The Golden Rule

C. B. A.

Carrie B. Adams. By per.

1. If Je - sus came to us to - day, I think I'd hear Him say,
2. He'd tell us we should help to make This world a hap - pier place;

"Be kind and true in all you do, And lov - ing ev - 'ry day."
For rich and poor His love is sure—His mer - cy and His grace.

CHORUS.

Do un - to oth - ers as you would have them do to you,

Do un - to oth - ers as you would have them do to you.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Charles Wesley.

(MARTYN. 7s.)

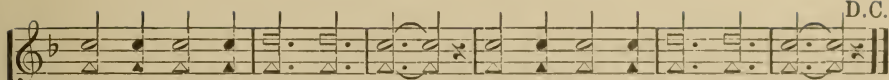
FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }

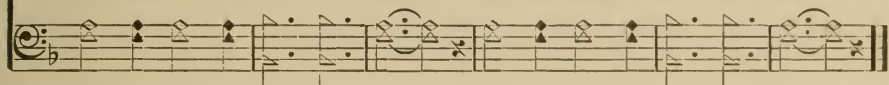
D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

D.C.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

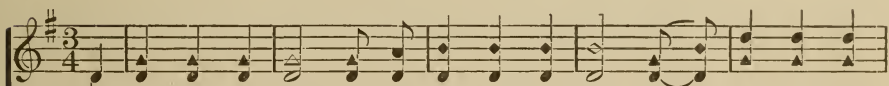


2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

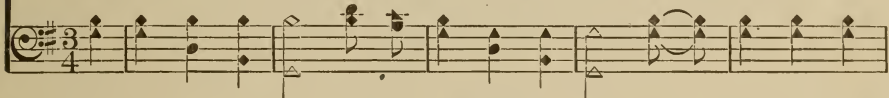
3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

72

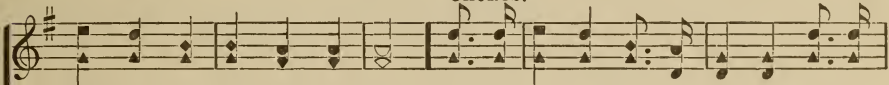
He Liveth Again



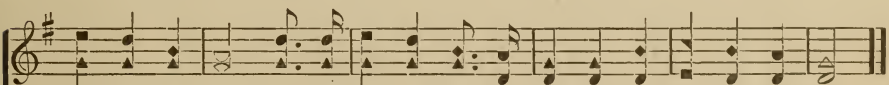
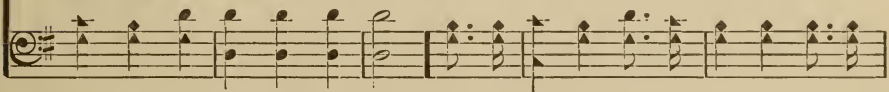
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our



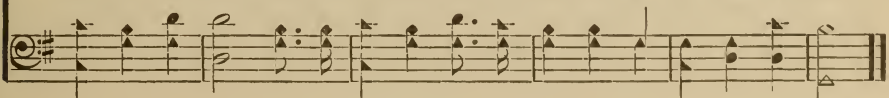
CHORUS.



died. and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.



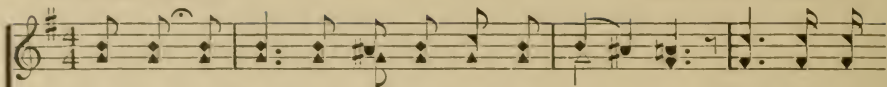
lu - jah! A - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, He liv - eth a - gain.



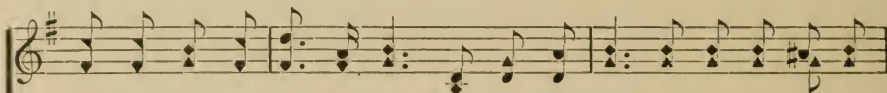
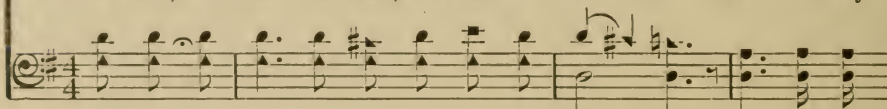
My Prayer

Ida Blough Snavelly.

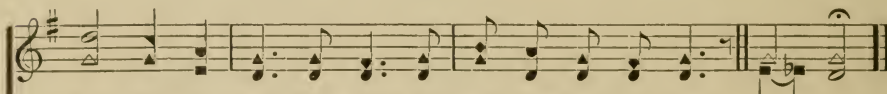
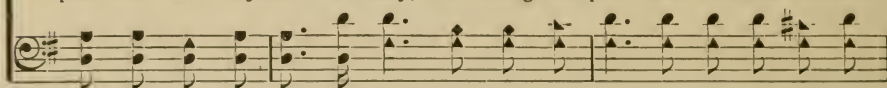
Martha Hamer Wingerd.



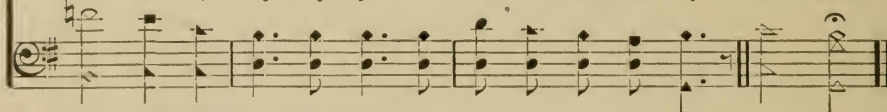
1. Fa - ther, in Thy mys - te - rious pres - ence kneel - ing, Fain would our
 2. Fa - ther, through - out the dim and van - ished a - ges Clear - ly we
 3. Fa - ther, we claim the calm, sub - lime as - sur - ance That from Thy



hearts feel all Thy kin - dling love, For we are weak, and need some deep re -
 trace Thy maj - es - ty and pow'r; And in Life's book, re - cord - ed on its
 pres - ence we may nev - er stray; And through the path - less "Un - known" e'er be -



veal - ing Of trust, and strength, and calm - ness from a - bove.
 pa - ges, We trace the hand that kept us hour by hour.
 fore us O, may Thy Spir - it lead to end - less day. A - MEN.



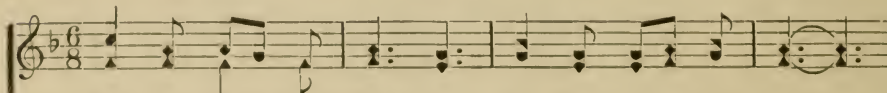
Copyright, 1922, by Martha Hamer Wingerd.

Within the Fold

Rev. T. B. Pollock.

(Psa. 23.)

T. B. Mosley.



1. Faith - ful Shep - herd, feed me In the pas - tures green;
 2. Hold me fast, and guide me In the nar - row way;
 3. Hal - low ev - 'ry pleas - ure, Ev - 'ry gift and pain;
 4. Day by day pre - pare me, As Thou se - est best;



By permission of J. Henry Showalter.

Within the Fold

Faith - ful Shep - herd, lead me Where Thy steps are seen.
 So, with Thee be - side me, I shall nev - er stray.
 Be Thy - self my treas - ure, Tho' none else I gain.
 Then let an - gels bear me To Thy prom - ised rest.

75 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

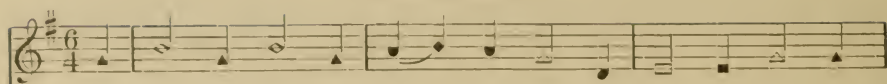
1. { Sav - ior, like a Shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-d'rest care; }
 { In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare. }
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the guar-dian of our way; }
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray. }
 3. { Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will; }
 { Bless-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos-oms fill. }

Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray;
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;

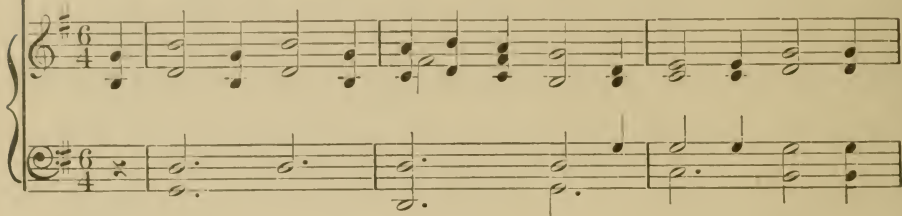
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

He Cares For Me

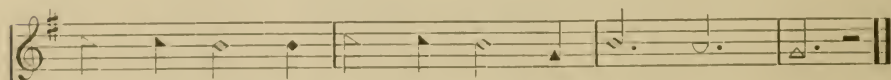
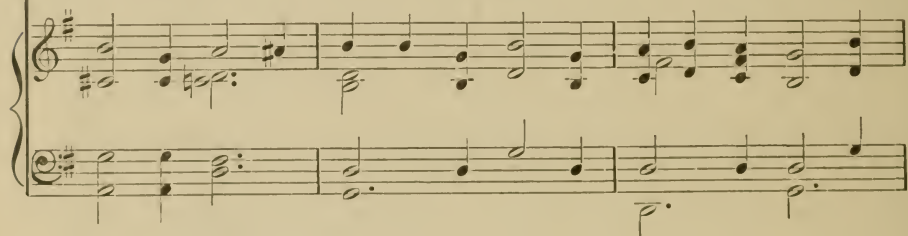
("NORSE LULLABY.")



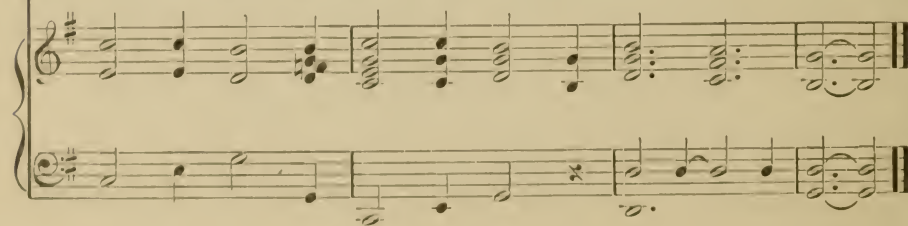
1. How strong and sweet my Fa - ther's care, That, 'round a - bout me,
2. Oh, keep me ev - er in Thy love, Dear Fa - ther, watch - ing



like the air, Is with me al - ways, ev - 'ry - where, Is
from a - bove, And let me still Thy mer - cy prove, And



with me al - ways, ev - 'ry - where! He cares for me.
let me still Thy mer - cy prove, And care for me.



Throw a Little Sunshine

Arr. by Dr. J. B. Herbert.

1. Throw a lit - tle sun - shine where - so - e'er you go, Cheer the droop - ing
 2. Throw a lit - tle sun - shine as you pass a - long, In the qui - et
 3. Thus the joy and glad - ness which you may im - part, Back to you a

spir - it with a smile; There's e - nough of sor - row, mis - er - y, and woe—
 lane or crowd - ed street; With the flow'rs and birds, or in the bus - y throng,
 thou - sand fold shall come; Joy shall crown your life, and peace shall fill your heart,

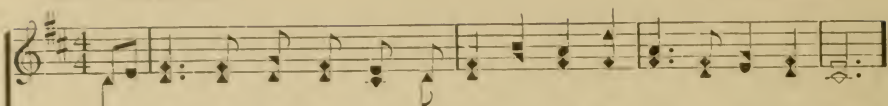
CHORUS.
 Why should we a fall - en one re - vile?
 Make the peo - ple hap - py whom you meet. Throw a lit - tle sun - shine
 Then at last in heav'n a hap - py home.

where-so-e'er you go; Cheer the drooping spirit with a smile; Throw a lit - tle
 with a smile, O

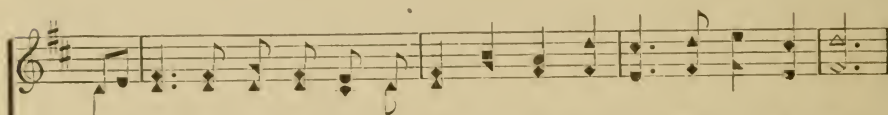
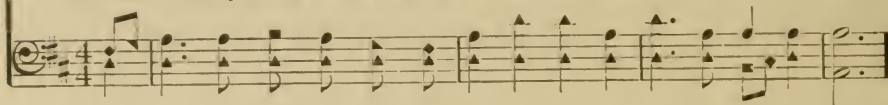
sun - shine, Throw a lit - tle sun - shine, Cheer the drooping spir - it with a smile.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

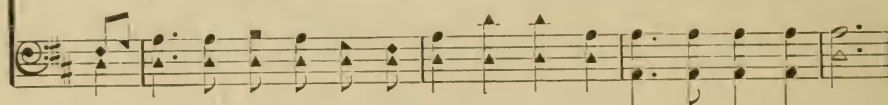
A. J. Showalter.



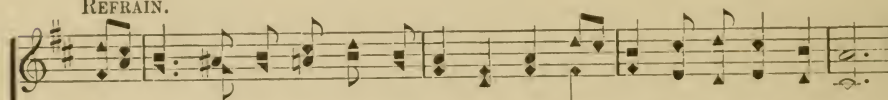
1. The Lord keep watch be - tween us while we part, His love be o'er us still;
2. The Lord keep watch be - tween us while we part, That we may loy - al be
3. The Lord keep watch be - tween us while we part, Shield us from ev - 'ry harm,



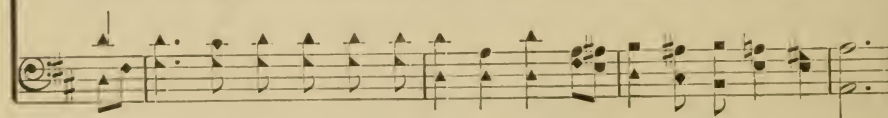
His grace sup - port us while in faith we strive To do His ho - ly will.
 To ev - 'ry vow our lov - ing hearts have pledged, And serve Him faith - ful - ly.
 Pro - tect us from the fierce as - saults of sin, Un - til we meet a - gain.



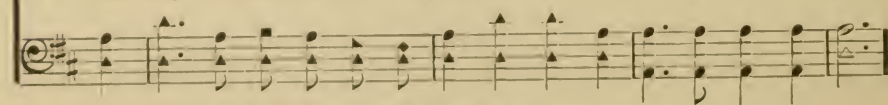
REFRAIN.



The Lord keep watch be - tween us while we part, That faith - ful we may re - main,



And keep our hearts in per - fect peace and love, Un - til we meet a - gain.



Brighten the Pathway To-day

Words and Music by Mrs. Owen Price.

1. Dark is the path-way which sin-ners tread, Far from the Sav - ior their feet are led;
 2. Straight is the high-way the Sav - ior trod, Straight is the high-way that leads to God;
 3. Love then your neighbor as Je - sus taught, Nothing too much for the soul He bought;

In - to dark chan-nels their souls are sped; Bright-en the path-way to - day.
 Love is the sun-shine a - cross the way; Bright-en the path-way to - day.
 Be-cause He gives of His love al - way, Bright-en the path-way to - day.

Copyright, 1922, by Mrs. Owen Price.

Take My Life, and Let It Be

Frances R. Havergal.

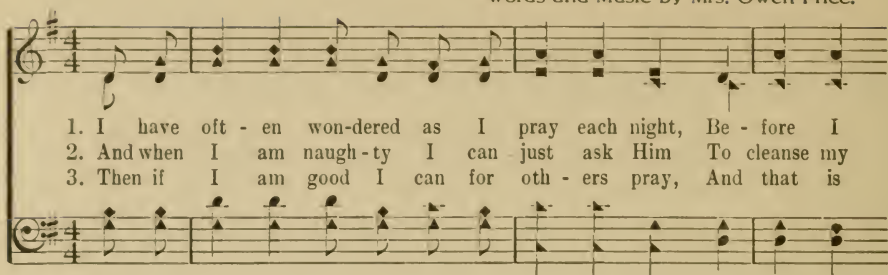
A. H. C. Malan.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee; Take my sil - ver
 4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise; Take my in - tel -

let them move . At the im - pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
 lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

Jesus Hears Me

Words and Music by Mrs. Owen Price.



1. I have oft - en won - dered as I pray each night, Be - fore I
 2. And when I am naugh - ty I can just ask Him To cleanse my
 3. Then if I am good I can for oth - ers pray, And that is

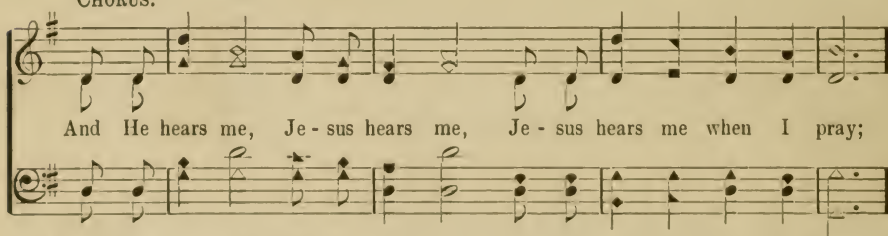


go to bed and blow my light, How our Sav - ior, Je - sus, keeps us
 heart and tongue of all its sin, And tell Him just to let His
 just what I should do each day, So that oth - ers can know that He

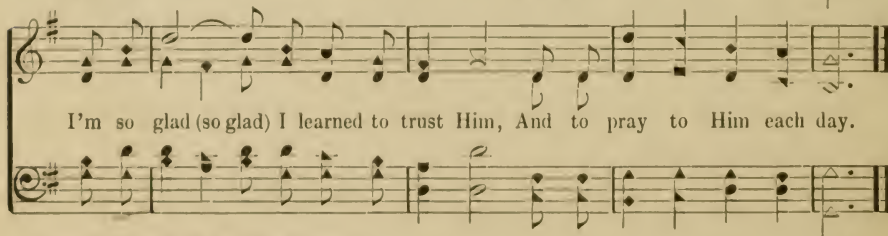


all in sight, And hears us, each one, say our prayers.
 love shine in And make me bet - ter ev - 'ry day.
 is the way Of light and life for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



And He hears me, Je - sus hears me, Je - sus hears me when I pray;



I'm so glad (so glad) I learned to trust Him, And to pray to Him each day.

Do Something For Jesus To-day

C. A. P.

C. A. Plummer.

1. There's some-thing for each to be do - ing, Do some-thing for
 2. There's some-thing for each to be do - ing, Go find you a
 3. There's some-thing for each to be do - ing, The fields are now

Je - sus each day; He needs you to work in His vine - yard, To
 work you may do, And Je - sus will bless all your ef - forts If
 white with the grain; Go forth then and pa - tient - ly la - bor, Some

CHORUS.

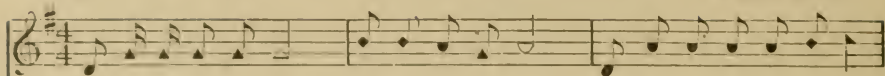
la - bor, to watch, and to pray.
 you un - to Him will be true. Do some-thing for Je - sus to -
 sheaves for the har - vest to gain.

day,..... Do some-thing for Je - sus, your King;..... Do
 to - day, . your King;

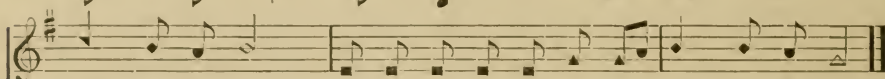
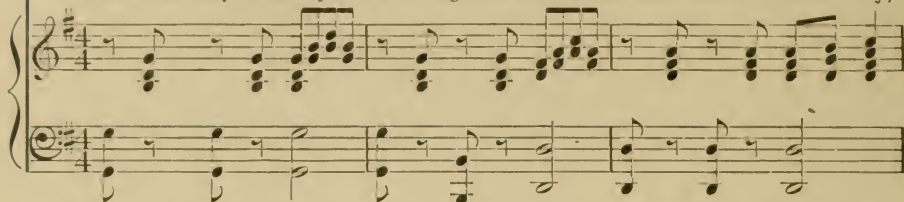
some-thing each day for your Mas - ter, Some wan - der - ing soul to Him bring.

W. B.

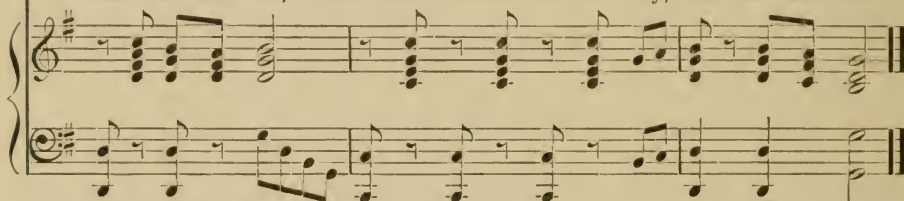
William Beery.



1. One little temperance boy, To his work so true, Pledged an-oth-er lit-tle boy,
2. Two little temperance boys, True as they could be, Won an-oth-er lit-tle boy,
3. Threelittle temperance boys, Seeking still for more, Found an-oth-er lit-tle boy,
4. Four little temperance boys—For the right we strive—And here comes an-oth-er boy,



Then there were two, Pledged an-oth-er lit-tle boy, Then there were two.
 Then there were three, Won an-oth-er lit-tle boy, Then there were three.
 Then there were four, Found an-oth-er lit-tle boy, Then there were four.
 Now we are five, And here comes an-oth-er boy, Now we are five.



Copyright, 1922, by William Beery.

5 Five little temperance boys—
 We're not up to tricks,
 But we've caught another boy;
 Now we are six.

6 Six little temperance boys,
 Sending prayer to heaven,
 Gained another little boy,
 Then there were seven.

7 Seven little temperance boys—
 Strong drink we do hate—
 Ho! here comes another boy;
 Now we are eight.

8 Eight little temperance boys,
 Pledged to drink no wine,
 Took with them another boy,
 Then there were nine.

9 Nine little temperance boys,
 Working on like men,
 Till they won another boy,
 Then there were ten.

10 Now, little boys and girls,
 And ye big folks, too,
 Won't you join our temperance band,
 And then be true?

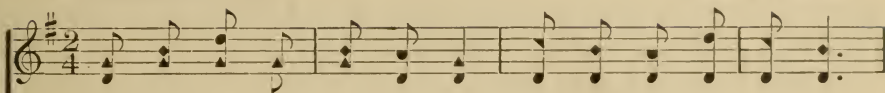
11 Yes, little temperance boys,
 Count us in with you;
 We will join your temperance band,
 And all be true.

12 We'll rally all our strength,
 Body, mind and soul;
 Soberness and purity,—
 This be our goal.

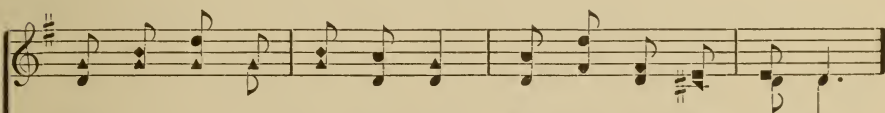
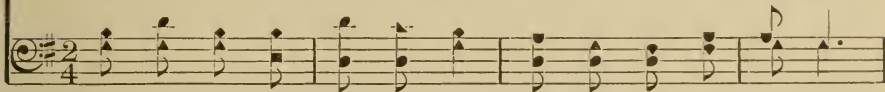
NOTE—Let one little boy come out, and while he sings the first verse another boy walks up and stands beside him; then the two boys sing the second verse while the third boy joins them, etc. When the ten boys are in a row, they sing the next verse together. Then let the audience rise and sing the next verse; then let all sing the last verse.

Mrs. Adaline Hofr Beery.

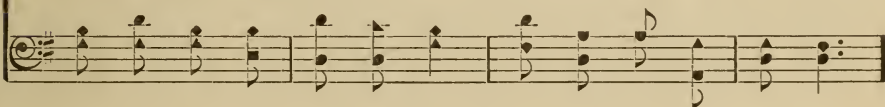
Chas. K. Langley.



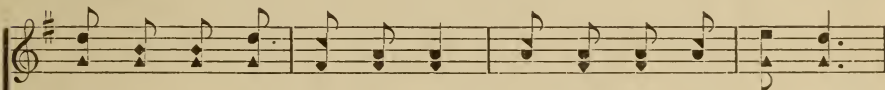
1. We can sing of Christ the Lord, And His love so ten - der;
 2. We can learn the les - son sweet How to keep from sin - ning;
 3. We can love our friends so true, Pa - tient and for - giv - ing;



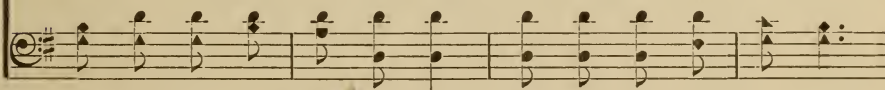
Prais - es to our gra - cious King We should al - ways ren - der!
 Trust Him, serve Him ev - 'ry day, Life e - ter - nal win - ning.
 He who lives for oth - ers' needs Finds most joy in liv - ing.



CHORUS.



Let the chil - dren do their part, For the Lord can use them;



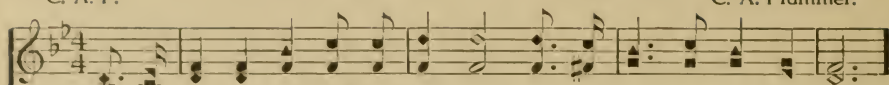
When He takes His jew - els home, He will glad - ly choose them.



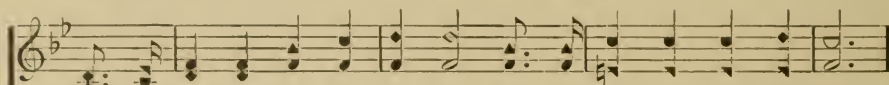
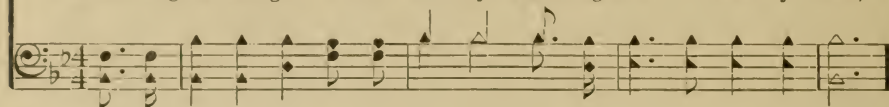
A Great and Glorious Army

C. A. P.

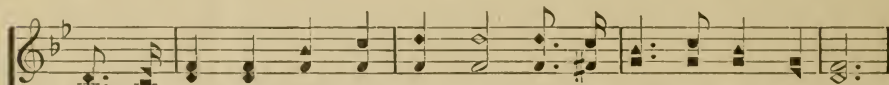
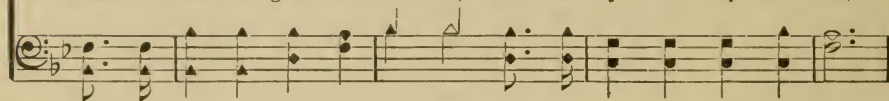
C. A. Plummer.



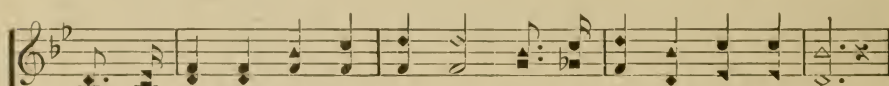
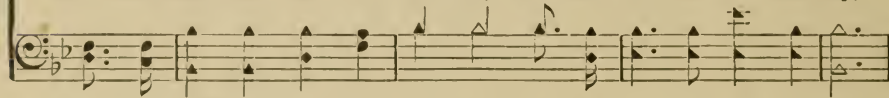
1. We're a great and glo - ri - ous ar - my That is ev - er march-ing on;
2. We're a great and glo - ri - ous ar - my, We are march-ing mil-lions strong;
3. We're a great and glo - ri - ous ar - my March-ing with a stead - y tread;



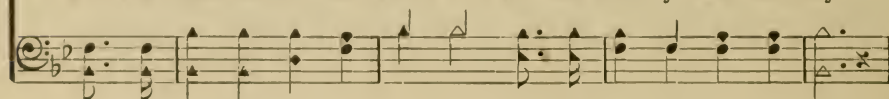
We are wav - ing roy - al ban - ners, We are sing - ing "Vic - tor's" song;
 With our ranks will you be num - bered, Help us in the fight with wrong?
 While our ban - ner goes be - fore us, We are by our Cap - tain led;



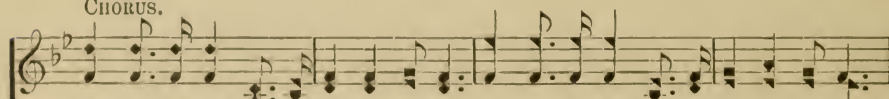
We've a great and no - ble Lead - er, Who is lead - ing 'gainst the foe;
 Join us while the bat - tle ra - ges 'Gainst the night - y hosts of sin;
 Sa - tan's hosts shall fall be - fore us, We will rout him in the fray;



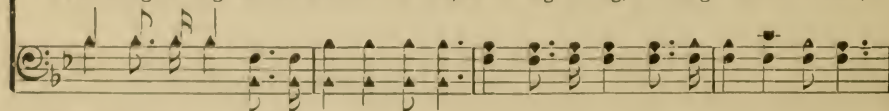
And if in His steps we fol - low, We will ev - er on - ward go.
 Come and en - ter in the con - flict, Come and help the bat - tle win.
 For with Christ our no - ble Lead - er We will sure - ly win the day.



CHORUS.



March-ing a-long with His ban-ner o'er us, March-ing a-long, swell-ing loud the cho-rus,



A Great and Glorious Army

March-ing a-long, we shall be vic-to-ri-ous, While we fol-low in His train.

86

Junior Service Song

M. B. G.

Marqueritte Bixler Garrett.

1. Look a-round, dear Jun-ior, O'er the whit-'ning fields; Is there
 2. Hear the voi-ces call-ing For the Gos-pel true; Jun-ior,
 3. Lis-ten to the Sav-ior, Hear Him sweet-ly say: "Go, and

room for i-dle stand-ing? See what each sea-son yields.
 did you ev-er pon-der, They might be call-ing you?
 give to them the mes-sage—I am with you al-way."

CHORUS.

Go, la-bor on, dear Jun-ior, For the souls of men, Press-ing

Repeat softly.

on-ward tow'rd the crown-ing Of the Mas-ter's jew-eled di-a-dem.

Miss E. E. Lay.

W. F. Werschkul.

Spirited.

1. { I am a lit - tle glean - er A - mong the har - vest sheaves; I fol - low in the
For hap - ly by the way - side Some handfuls may be tossed, As said the care - ful

2. { I hear the cry of hun - ger, I see the tears they shed, Of souls that waste and
And so I am a glean - er, Al - tho' my gains are small, For they must share His

1 2 CHORUS.

reap - ing For what the reap - er leaves; }
Mas - ter, That noth - ing may be (*Omit*) } lost. A lit - - tle glean - er, a
per - ish For lack of liv - ing bread: }
boun - ty Whose harvest is for (*Omit*) } all. A lit - tle glean - er,

lit - - tle glean - er, I am a lit - tle glean - er A - mong the har - vest sheaves.
a lit - tle glean - er,

Charles A. Dickinson.

Robert P. Stewart.

1. Bless - ed Mas - ter, I have prom - ised; Hear my sol - emn vow;
2. Strength of mine is on - ly weak - ness, Thine is strength in - deed;
3. Let no world - ly cares nor pleas - ures Call my heart a - way;

Take this pledge of mine and seal it Here and now.
Strength - en me in full - est meas - ure, As I need.
Save me, Lord, and keep me faith - ful Day by day.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! No, not one!
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! No, not one!
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! No, not one!
 4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! No, not one!
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! No, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! No, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! No, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! No, not one!
 Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! No, not one!
 Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! No, not one!

FINE.

D.S.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! No, not one!*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

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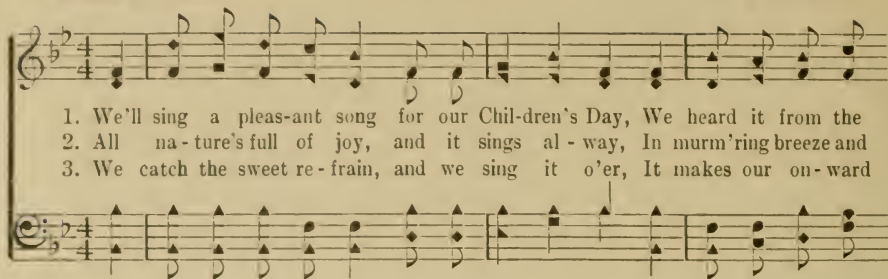
T. R. Birks.

Arthur Sullivan.

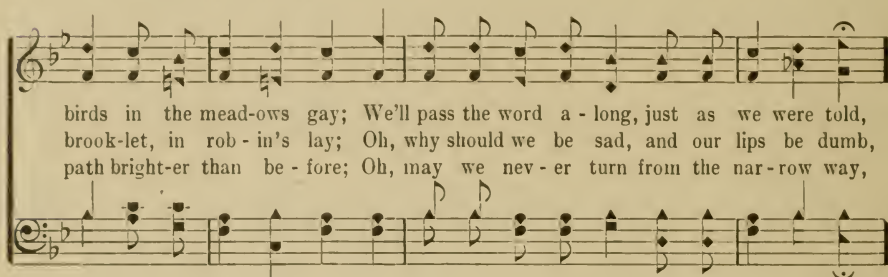
1. O gen-tle Sav-ior, from Thy throne on high Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.
 2. Go where we go, a-bide where we a-bide; In life, in death, our comfort strength and guide.
 3. O lead us dai-ly with Thine eye of love, And bring us safe-ly to our home a - bove.

Adaline Hohf Beery.

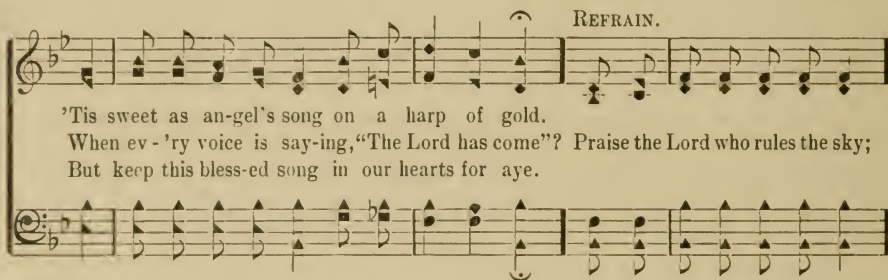
W. J. Smith.



1. We'll sing a pleas-ant song for our Chil-dren's Day, We heard it from the
 2. All na-ture's full of joy, and it sings al-way, In murm'ring breeze and
 3. We catch the sweet re-frain, and we sing it o'er, It makes our on-ward

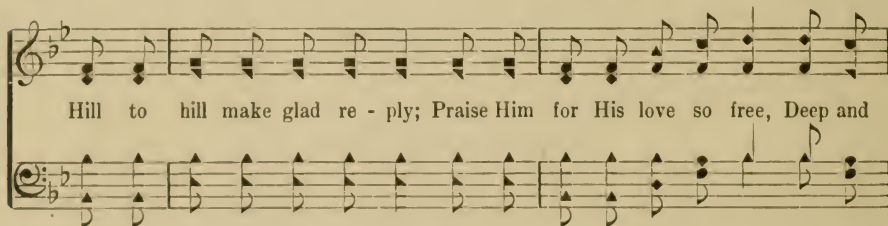


birds in the mead-ows gay; We'll pass the word a-long, just as we were told,
 brook-let, in rob-in's lay; Oh, why should we be sad, and our lips be dumb,
 path bright-er than be-fore; Oh, may we nev-er turn from the nar-row way,

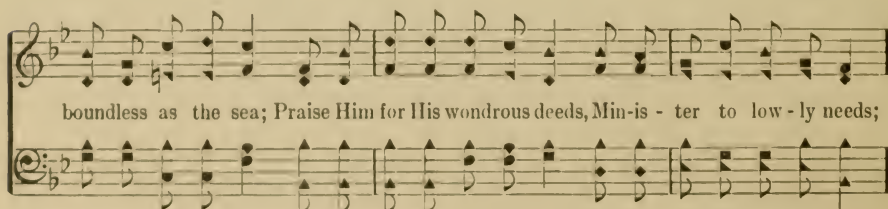


REFRAIN.

'Tis sweet as an-gel's song on a harp of gold.
 When ev-'ry voice is say-ing, "The Lord has come"? Praise the Lord who rules the sky;
 But keep this bless-ed song in our hearts for aye.



Hill to hill make glad re-ply; Praise Him for His love so free, Deep and



boundless as the sea; Praise Him for His wondrous deeds, Min-is-ter to low-ly needs;

Praise the Lord

Praise Him, ev - 'ry liv - ing thing, Fa - ther, Friend, Re - deem - er, King.....
heav'n - ly King.

92

Go, Carry the Message

J. O. B.

(MISSIONARY.)

J. O. Barnhart.

Not too fast.

1. Be - hold the har - vest - fields are white, And the Mas - ter call - eth thee;
 2. Oh, will - ing work - ers are so few, And the har - vest - field is wide,
 3. Go, work ye while the day - light sheds Its rays o'er all man - kind;
 4. Then when the an - gel reap - ers come, And gar - ner all God's sheaves,

Go, gath - er sheaves for the gar - ner bright, He is call - ing you and me.
 And mil - lion souls are dy - ing, too, — Fast falls the e - ven - tide.
 The news of Christ's sal - va - tion spread, Till all sal - va - tion find.
 With them we shall be gath - ered home, And end - less joys re - ceive.

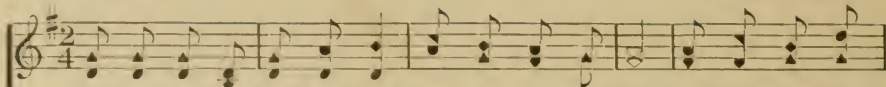
CHORUS.

Go, car - ry, go, car - ry The mes - sage far and wide; Go,

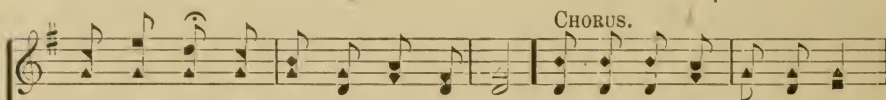
tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.

Idella Smith.

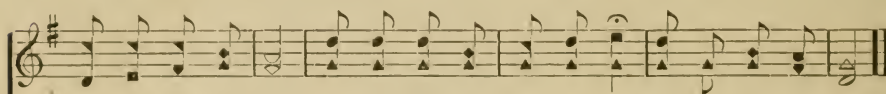
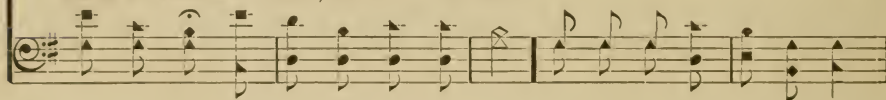
William Beery.



1. Jun - ior Chris-tian Work-ers true, But a lit - tle band, Look-ing straight a -
2. Mis-sion - a - ries one and all, Temp'rance work-ers, too, 'Gainst the en - e -
3. Hold-ing high our ban - ner blue, Thro' the fields of sin March we with a
4. When at last the bat - tle's won, "Homeward" the command, At the great white



head we go, Christ gives us the com-mand.
 my we'll march; There's room e - nough for you. Fol - low - ers of Christ are we,
 stead-fast tread, The vic - to - ry to win.
 throne a - bove We'll kneel, this lit - tle band.



Loy - al - ty our aim; Hear-ers, do - ers of the Word, Dan-iel - ites our name.



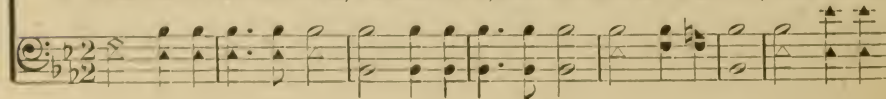
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Ray Palmer.

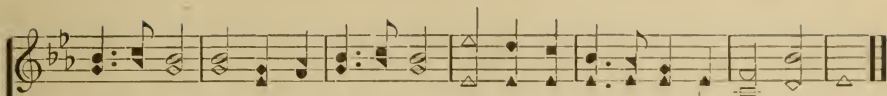
Lowell Mason.



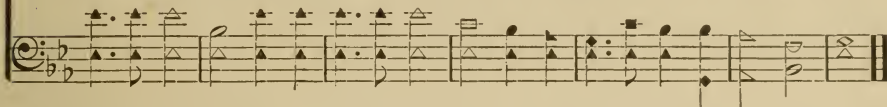
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav-ior,



My Faith Looks Up to Thee



while I pray, Take all my sins a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.
then, in love, Fear and dis-trust re-move; O bear me safe a-bove,—A ransomed soul.

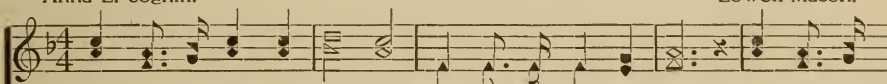


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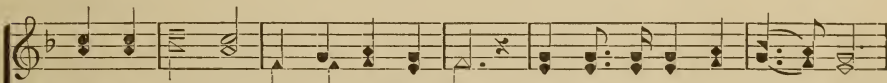
Work, For the Night Is Coming

Anna L. Coghlin.

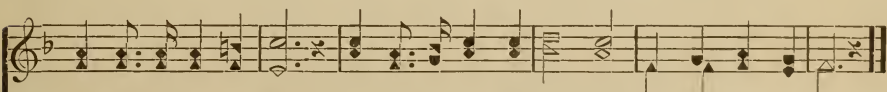
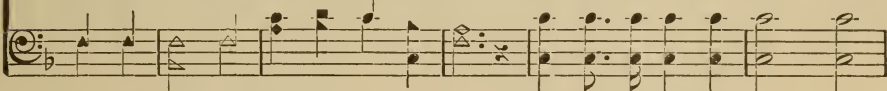
Lowell Mason.



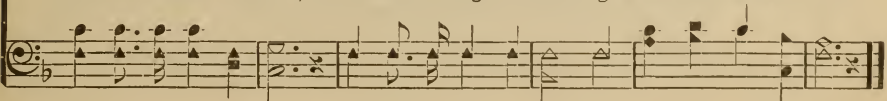
1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours; Work while the
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill bright-est
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies; While their bright



dew is spar-king; Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work while the day grows bright-er,
hours with la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute
tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fad-eth,



Un-der the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

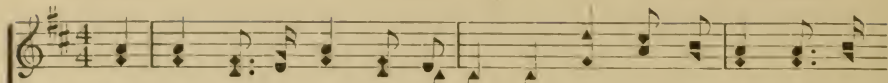


For Christ and the Church

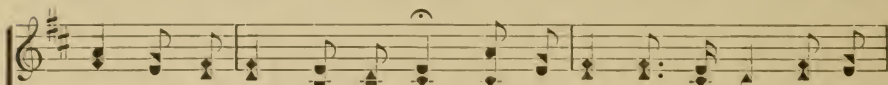
E. E. Hewitt.

(2 PETER 1: 11.)

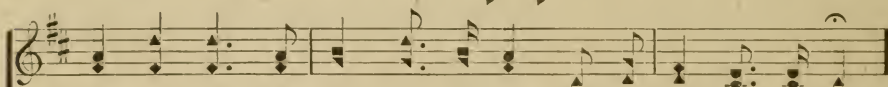
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. For Christ and the church let our voi - ces ring, Let us hon - or the
 2. For Christ and the church be our ear - nest prayer, Let us fol - low His
 3. For Christ and the church will - ing of - f'ings make, Time and tal - ents and
 4. For Christ and the church, let us cast a - side, By His con - quer - ing

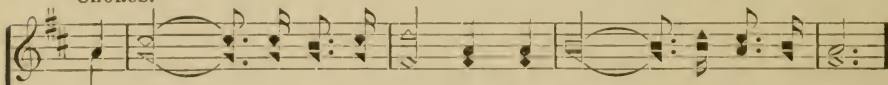


name of our own bless - ed King, Let us work with a will in the
 ban - ner, the cross dai - ly bear, Let us yield, whol - ly yield, to His
 gold, for the dear Mas - ter's sake; We'll re - men - ber the best we can
 grace, chains of self, fear and pride; May our lives be en - riched by an




strength of youth, And loy - al - ly stand for the king - dom of truth.
 Spir - it's pow'r, And faith - ful - ly serve Him in life's bright - est hour.
 bring to Him, The heart's wealth of love, that will nev - er grow dim.
 aim so grand, Then hap - py the call to the Sav - ior's right hand.

CHORUS.



For Christ, . . . our dear Re - deem - er, For Christ . . . who died to save,
 For Christ, our dear Re - deem - er, For Christ who died to save,



For the church . . . His blood hath purchased, Lord, make us pure and brave.
 For the church His blood hath purchased,

Be ye kind one to an-oth-er, Be ye kind one to an-oth-er, Be ye

lov-ing and kind to each oth-er, Be ye kind one to an-oth-er.

From "Songs for Little People," published by The Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. Used by permission.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
D. C.—In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,
D. C.—Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

D. C.
 Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a-tone, Thou must save, and Thou a-lone:
 When I rise to worlds un-known, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne,

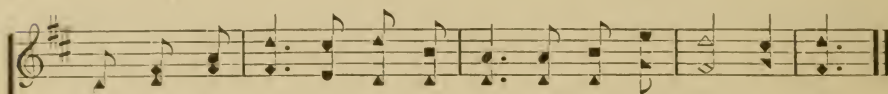
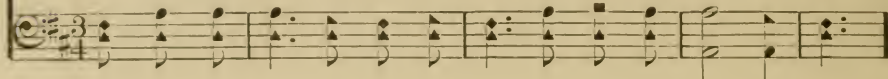
Hymn of Praise

Eleanor J. Brumbaugh.

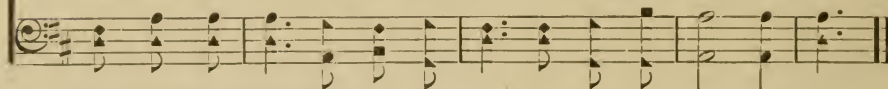
William Beery.



1. To Thee, O God, a hymn of praise With joy - ful hearts we sing;
2. We praise Thy name for mer - cies past, For gifts of love di - vine;
3. Thy name we praise for this glad day, And give our - selves a - new
4. Thou hast pre - pared a home a - bove, Where loved ones we shall meet;



To Thee to - day our voi - ces raise, And true thanks-giv - ing bring.
 Show - ers of bless - ing on us cast, The glo - ry, Lord, be Thine.
 To Thee for serv - ice all the way, This life - time jour - ney through.
 With them u - nit - ed, in Thy love, Our praise shall be com - plete.



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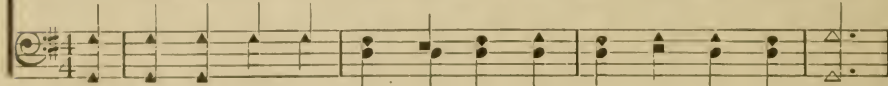
All Hail the Power

Edward Perronet.

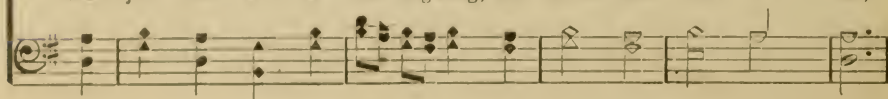
O. Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



All Hail the Power

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord.... of all.

101

Closing Hymn

M. G.

Marguerite Cook.

1. Our Sab - bath School is o - ver now, And we must say good - bye,
 2. Dear Je - sus, bless the words we've heard, The songs we've sung to - day,
 3. Dear Je - sus, keep us as we go, Oh, keep us all the week;

And so, good - bye, our mer - ry mates And teach - er dear, good - bye.
 Bless all we've done, and all we've said, Oh, bless us all, we pray.
 And all we've learned may we o - bey, Oh, keep us kind and meek.

CHORUS.

Oh, may the Lord take care of you, May He take care of me,

Till we a - gain to - geth - er meet, From e - vil keep us free.

Yield Not to Temptation

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10:13.

H. R. Palmer.

H. R. Palmer, by per.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,

Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

John P. Hops.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. Fa - ther, lead me day by day, Ev - er in Thine own sweet way;
 2. When in dan - ger, make me brave, Make me know that Thou canst save;
 3. When I'm tempt - ed to do wrong, Make me stead - fast, wise and strong;
 4. May I do the good I know, Serv - ing glad - ly here be - low,

Teach me to be pure and true; Show me what I ought to do.
 Keep me safe by Thy dear side; Let me in Thy love a - bide.
 And when all a - lone I stand, Shield me with Thy might - y hand.
 Then at last go home to Thee, Ev - er - more Thine own to be.

George W. Doane.

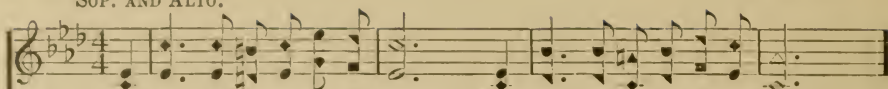
John B. Calkin.

1. Fling out the ban - ner, let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
 2. Fling out the ban - ner, hea - then lands Shall see from far the glo - rious sight,
 3. Fling out the ban - ner, sin - sick souls That sink and per - ish in the strife,
 4. Fling out the ban - ner, let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide,

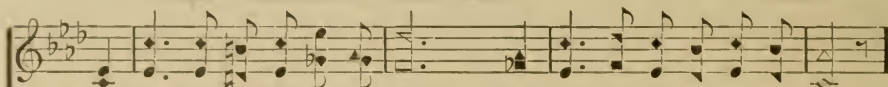
The sun that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - ior died.
 And na - tions, crowd - ing to be born, Bap - tize their spir - its in its light.
 Shall touch in faith its ra - diant hem, And spring im - mor - tal in - to life.
 Our glo - ry on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied.

Elsie Duncan Yale.
SOP. AND ALTO.

J. Lincoln Hall.



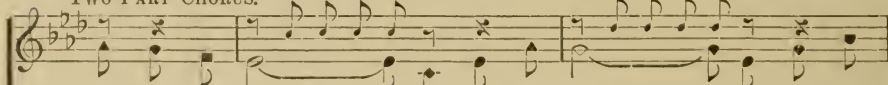
1. He lives, O message soft-ly breathed, Where bend the branches 'mid the gloom;
2. He lives, the breeze of morning sings O'er Cal-v'ry's hill where sunlight falls;
3. He lives, for white-robed angels wait, In gleam-ing splendor of the sky;



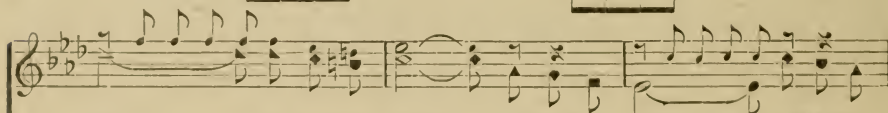
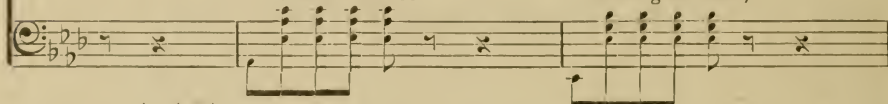
Where bright the stainless lil-ies wreathed, Shed fra-grance o'er the gar-den tomb.
All joy the dawn of morn-ing brings, And grief no more the heart en-thralls.
Un-barred is morning's gold-en gate, Then sing, ye saddened ones who sigh.



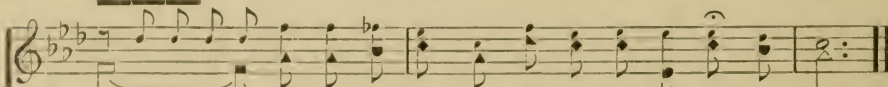
* TWO-PART CHORUS.



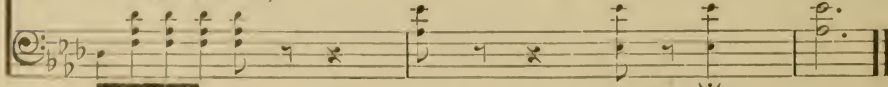
O seek Him not..... a-mong the dead,..... Have ye for-
O seek Him not a-mong the dead,



got..... the word He said?... O mourn no more..... a Mas-ter
Have ye for-got O mourn no more



slain,.... For lo, the world's Re-deem-er ev-er-more shall reign!
a Mas-ter slain,



* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the low voices. The upper notes (small) may be played, or sung by the high voices.

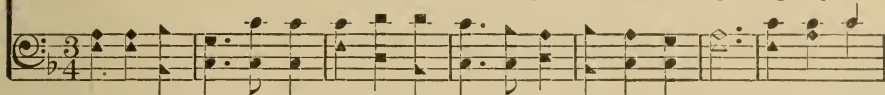
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S. F. Smith.

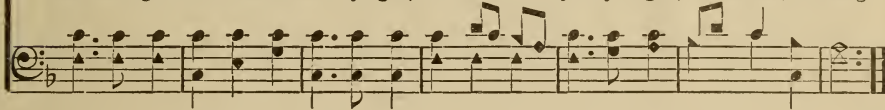
Henry Carey.



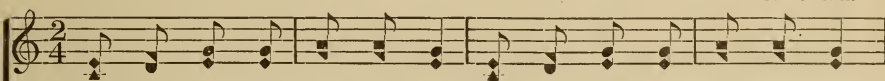
1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na - tive coun-try, thee—Land of the no - ble, free—Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



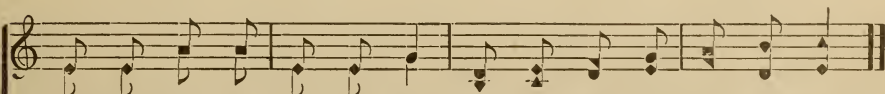
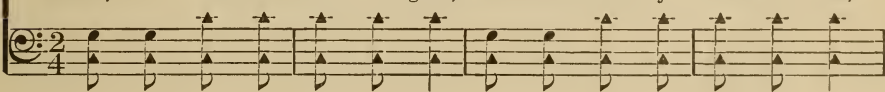
- fa - thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev - 'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break—The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



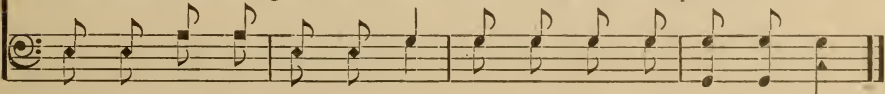
J. H. Hall.



1. When a fool - ish thought with - in Strives to bind us in a snare,
2. If in some - thing we trans - gress, And are tempt - ed to de - ny,
3. When our an - gry pas - sions rise, Tempt - ing to re - venge an ill,
4. But, if we should dis - re - gard, While this friend - ly voice would call,

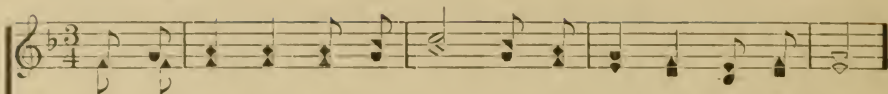


- Con - science tells us "It is sin," And en - treats us to be - ware.
 Con - science says, "Your fault con - fess; Do not dare to tell a lie."
 "Now sub - due it," con - science cries, "Do com - mand your tem - per still."
 Con - science soon will grow so hard That it will not speak at all.

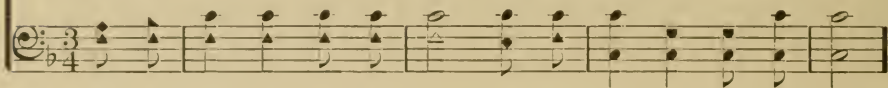


Words arranged.

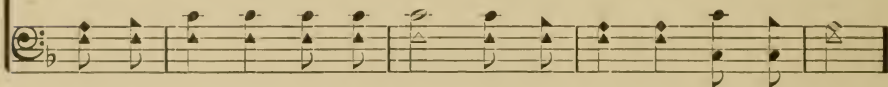
Unknown.



1. Lit - tle giv - 'ers! come and bring Trib - ute to your Heav'n-ly King;
2. Lit - tle giv - ers! do your part With a glad and will - ing heart,
3. Give to all the dark-en'd earth Ti - dings of a heav'n - ly birth,
4. Give your heart with ho - ly love; Give your praise like that a - bove;



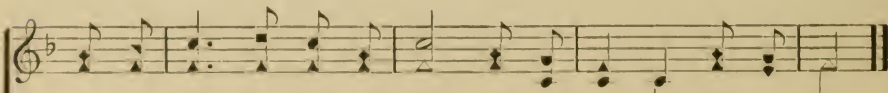
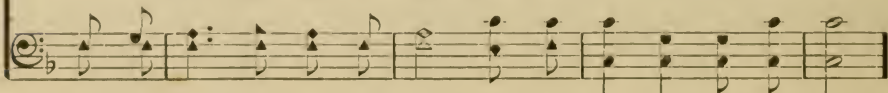
Lay it on the al - tar high, While your songs as - cend the sky.
 For the an - gel - voi - ces say: "Lit - tle giv - ers! give to - day."
 Till the youth in ev - 'ry land Learn the Sav - ior's sweet com - mand.
 All your life to Je - sus give, And in glo - ry you shall live.



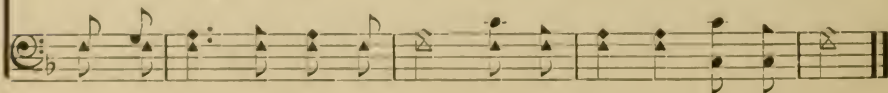
CHORUS.



Lit - tle giv - ers! give and sing, Bring your of - f'ings to your King;

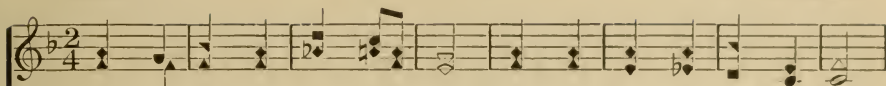


Praise the Lord, so good, so true, He has giv - en all for you.

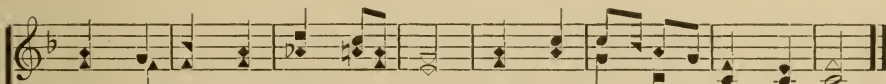


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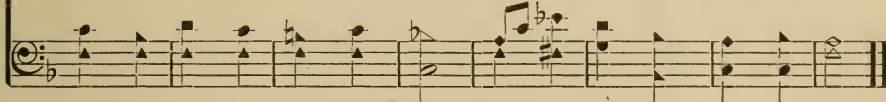
C. M. von Weber.



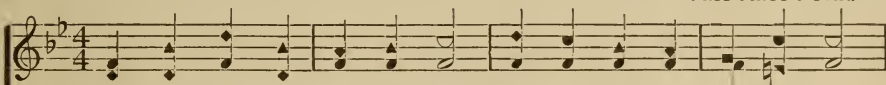
1. Sav - ior, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
 2. With a child - like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
 3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace;
 4. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy— In o - be - dience all her joy;



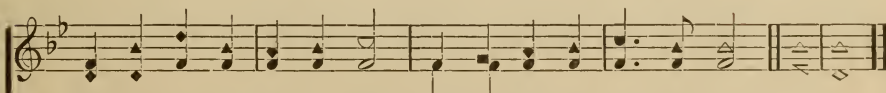
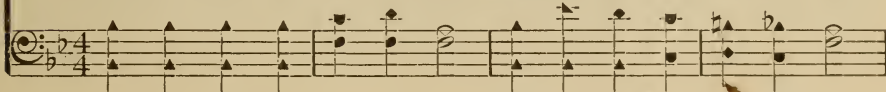
Sweet - er les - son can not be— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Learn - ing how to love from Thee— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Ev - er new that joy will be— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.



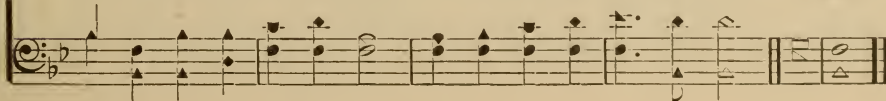
Miss Alice Nevin.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, Son of God, Who for me life's path-way trod,
 2. I Thy lit - tle lamb would be; Je - sus, I would fol - low Thee;
 3. Teach me how to pray to Thee, Make me ho - ly, heav - en - ly;



Who for me be - came a child, Make me hum - ble, meek, and mild.
 Sam - uel was Thy child of old, Take me, too, with - in Thy fold.
 Let me love what Thou dost love, Let me live with Thee a - bove. A - MEN.

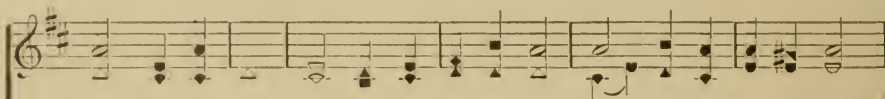


A. H.

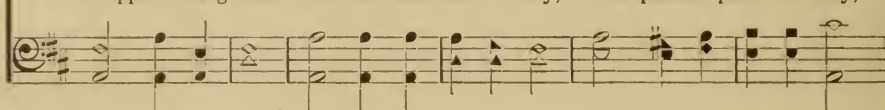
Abby Hutchinson.



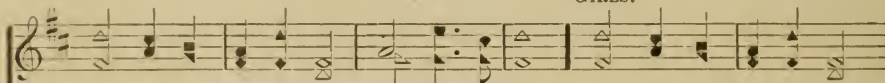
1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cher-ish-ed and blest, God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, Tho' like the flow'rs, Their bright-est hues may fly
3. Our souls can nev - er die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie,



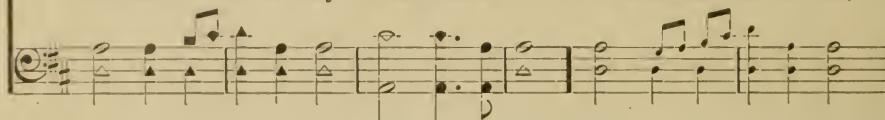
Stored in the breast: Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thou-sand times,
In win-try hours; But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charms a-new,
Wrapped in its gloom. What tho' the flesh de-cay, Souls pass in peace a-way,



GIRLS.



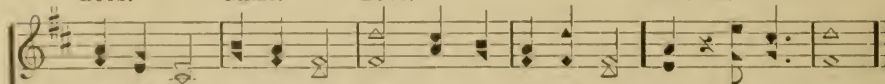
Ay, in all years and climes, Dis-tant and near. Kind words can nev - er die,
With man-y add-ed hue They bloom a-gain. Sweets tho'ts can nev - er die,
Live thro' e-ter-nal day With Christ a-bove. Our souls can nev - er die,



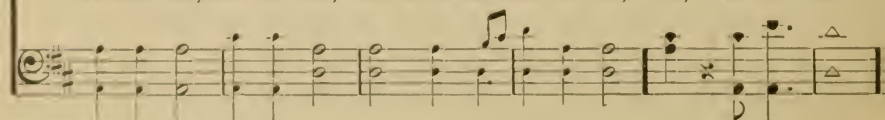
BOYS.

GIRLS.

BOYS.

ALL. *rit.*

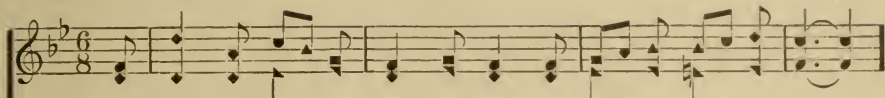
Nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die, Our souls can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.



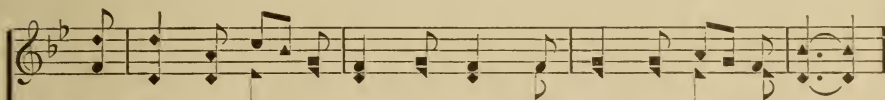
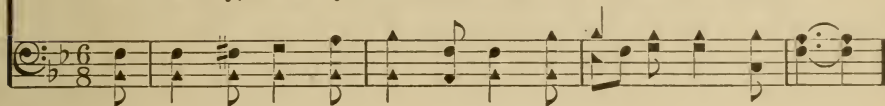
There is a Green Hill Far Away

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

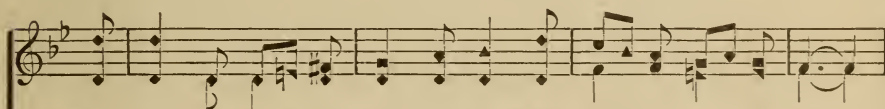
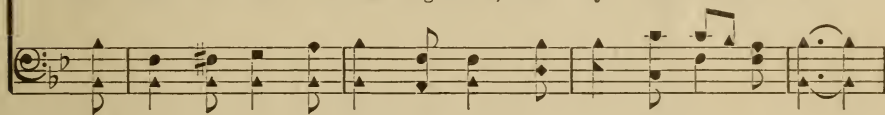
Richard Storrs Willis.



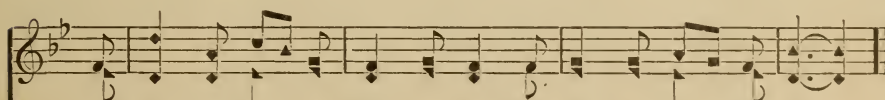
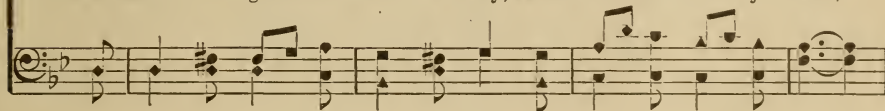
1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall,
2. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
3. O dear - ly, dear - ly, has He loved, And we must love Him, too,



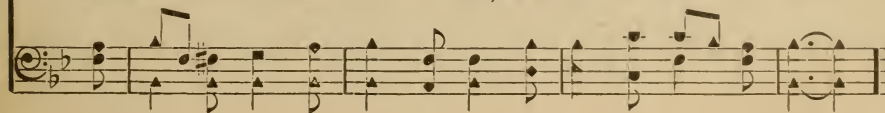
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
 And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.



We may not know, we can - not tell, What pain He had to bear;
 There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;
 For there's a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,



But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.
 Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

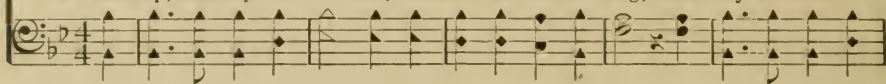


George Duffield.

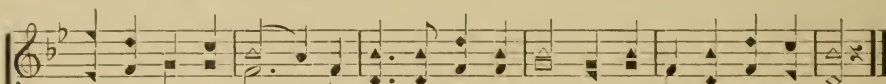
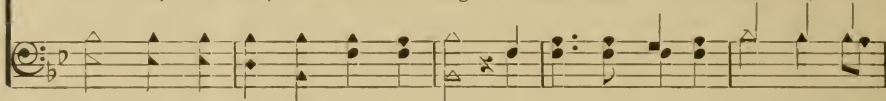
G. J. Webb.



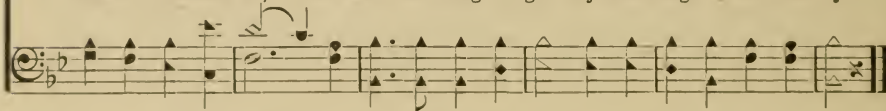
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the might - y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
 con - flict, In this His glo - rious day: "Ye that are men, now serve Him," A -
 fail you; Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

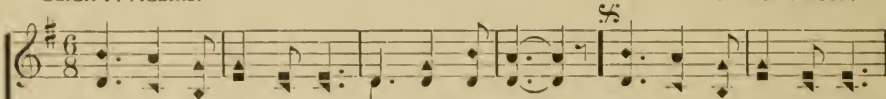


ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 gainst unnumbered foes; Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 piece put on with prayer; Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

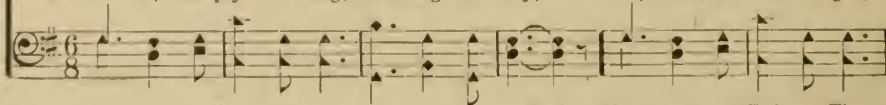


Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send - est me,
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,



D. S. - Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Nearer, My God, to Thee

FINE.

D. S.

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone: Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Up - ward I fly: Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee!

115

Holy, Holy, Holy

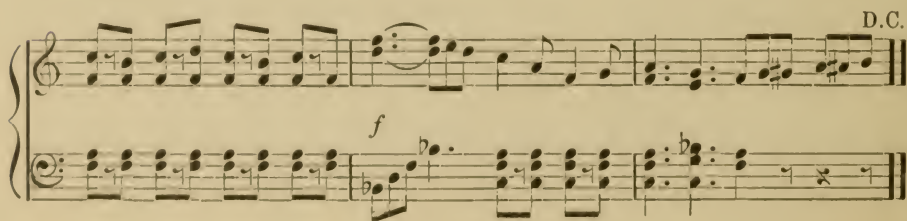
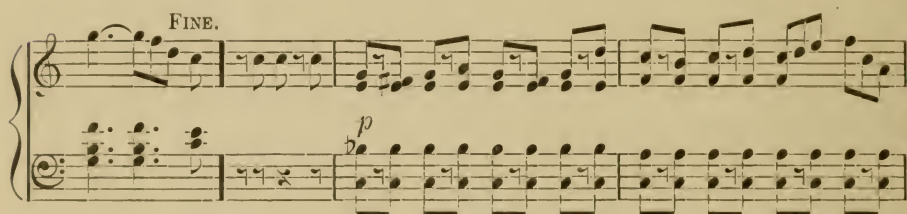
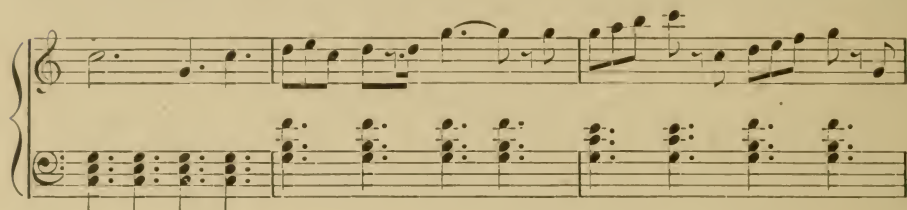
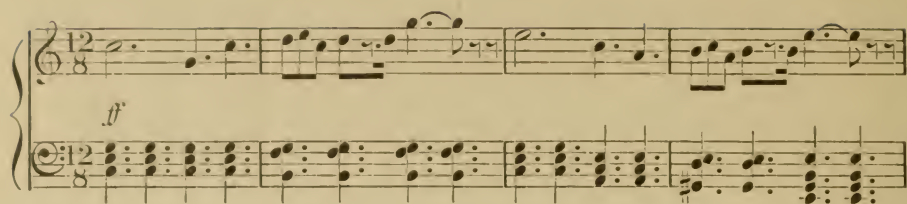
Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!



The Froebel March.

(FOR THE KINDERGARTEN.)

Elizabeth Helm.

The musical score for "The Froebel March" is written for a Kindergarten ensemble. It is in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 6/8 time. The score consists of six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble, while the bass provides a steady accompaniment. The piece includes various musical notations such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and bar lines. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs at the end of the sixth system.

8va. 8va.

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